THE

NEW REVIEW.

No. 21.—FEBRUARY, 1891.

VERSES ON THE DEATH OF RICHARD BURTON.

NIGHT or light is it now, wherein
Sleeps, shut out from the wild world's din,
Wakes, alive with a life more clear,
One who found not on earth his kin?

Sleep were sweet for awhile, were dear
Surely to souls that were heartless here,
Souls that faltered and flagged and fell,
Soft of spirit and faint of cheer.

A living soul that had strength to quell
Hope the spectre and fear the spell,
Clear-eyed, content with a scorn sublime
And a faith superb, can it fare not well?

Life, the shadow of wide-winged time,
Cast from the wings that change as they climb,
Life may vanish in death, and seem
Less than the promise of last year's prime.

But not for us is the past a dream
Wherefrom, as light from a clouded stream,
Faith fades and shivers and ebbs away,
Faint as the moon if the sundawn gleam.

Faith, whose eyes in the low last ray
Watch the fire that renews the day,
Faith which lives in the living past,
Rock-rooted, swerves not as weeds that sway.

As trees that stand in the storm-wind fast
She stands, unsmitten of death's keen blast,
With strong remembrance of sunbright spring
Alive at heart to the lifeless last.

Night, she knows, may in no wise cling
To a soul that sinks not and droops not wing,
A sun that sets not in death's false night
Whose kingdom finds him not thrall but king.

Souls there are that for soul's affright
Bow down and cower in the sun's glad sight,
Clothed round with faith that is one with fear,
And dark with doubt of the live world's light.

But him we hailed from afar or near
As boldest born of his kinsfolk here
And loved as brightest of souls that eyed
Life, time, and death with unchangeful cheer,

A wider soul than the world was wide,
Whose praise made love of him one with pride,
What part has death or has time in him,
Who rode life's lists as a god might ride?

While England sees not her old praise dim,
While still her stars through the world's night swim,
A fame outshining her Raleigh's fame,
A light that lightens her loud sea's rim,

Shall shine and sound as her sons proclaim
The pride that kindles at Burton's name.
And joy shall exalt their pride to be
The same in birth if in soul the same.

But we that yearn for a friend's face,—we
Who lack the light that on earth was he,—
Mourn, though the light be a quenchless flame
That shines as dawn on a tideless sea.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

THE INDIVIDUALIST IDEAL: A REPLY.

I. ART.

MR. MORRIS'S paper on the Socialist's ideal in art is a curious but unconscious comment on modern Socialism generally—specially instructive in more than one of its statements; though it is probable that in one of them only is the instruction what the author intended. It is a paper, indeed, which, except in the one point alluded to, betrays the truth to the reader, rather than expounds it to him; and it does so by being an illustration, not by being an argument. It is an illustration of what Socialism is, as conceived of in the mind of the most cultivated of our contemporary Socialists.

But before we proceed to examine this, let us do our subject a piece of preliminary justice, and consider what Socialism is, not as advocated by apostles, but as seen by candid critics. By its apostles and its opponents alike, it is too often regarded as something wholly opposed to the existing social order—as something which will annihilate the latter, or else which the latter must annihilate. So far, however, as it represents any general principle, this view of it is true only when it is pushed to an extreme. To a certain degree, not only the existing social order, but every social order in every past civilisation has embodied the Socialistic principle as an important and as a necessary part of it. In the civilised state private rights and private property are possible only when certain rights and things are virtually public property. As an illustration of this, it will be enough to mention a street. A street is a socialistic institution of the most typical and complete kind; and yet one of the chief functions of a street is to minister to a series of institutions that are just as typically individualistic, namely, private

houses. The Individualist, or the anti-Socialist, does not wish to do away with the first; he only wishes to defend the second. Thus Socialists differ from their opponents, not in being people who advocate Socialism, but in being people who advocate Socialism to the exclusion of everything else. A certain amount of the wealth produced by individuals must be appropriated by a common treasury for the good of all. That is admitted, is insisted on, by both sides equally. The only question is, What shall the amount be? The Socialists say the whole; the Individualists say a fraction. Now whether this fraction be considerable or comparatively small is merely a question of degree; it is not one of principle: but it is a question, a most fundamental question, of principle whether a fraction, however large, should be appropriated, or the whole. And it is a question of principle for this reason. Before the wealth in question can be appropriated, the wealth must have been produced. Now, Individualists maintain (and hence they are called Individualists) that the main stimulus to production, or in other words, the main cause of production, is the hope of possessing the products as private property. A portion of these products, as has been said, may be appropriated for public uses, but according to the Individualist enough must be always left to supply production with an adequate motive power. Hence, according to them, though reforms of all kinds may be possible, any radical change is, in the nature of things, impossible. They regard private property as the fuel of productive energy. By all means, they say, let us economise the fuel; but let us never deceive ourselves by thinking that we shall get fire without it. To them the Socialists seem like a set of people who, because they think that their fire burns too much coal, should prefer to warm their house by raking the fire out. The Individualists say, Before you socialise your warmth you must produce it; and you will never maintain the production of it if you socialise more than a fraction.

Fundamentally, then, the difference between Socialists and the ordinary run of men is a difference in the estimates formed by them of the human character. The ordinary run of men have little to say on the subject beyond what, since civilisation began, has seemed too obvious to require saying, namely: That the necessaries of

life are produced because individuals require necessaries; and riches are produced because individuals desire riches, all socialised riches being either subsidiary to these, or else sprouting from them. As for the Socialists, they have at all events the merit of originality; but it is an originality which seems, to all excepting themselves, to be due solely to the non-recognition of facts. Mr. Morris's paper is mainly interesting as a fresh illustration of the justice of this view. It shows Socialism afresh in its true character of a dream—a dream which, according to the temperament and talents of the dreamer, may be amiable or malevolent—may be charming, absurd, or dangerous. It might be flattering Mr. Morris to say that his dream was dangerous. It is certainly not flattering him to say that it is amiable. What I am concerned to show, however, is that it is purely and simply a dream. In fact, that it is a dream to a certain extent Mr. Morris himself acknowledges, distinctly, but quite unconsciously. To many people a prosperous Home Rule for Ireland seems an ideal that is impossible and dream-like enough; but in its details, in the method of constructing it, and in practicability, it is a piece of sober business compared with the ideals of Mr. Morris, as he himself describes them. "No ideal of the future," he says, "can be conceived of unless we proceed by way of contrast . . . in fact, they [ideals] are mostly attempts by persons of strong hope to embody their discontent with the present." Nothing could show more plainly than this the differences between the dreamer and even the most wrong-headed practical man. The Irish Home Ruler, no matter how extreme, constructs his ideal Ireland not by way of contrast, but by way of modification. It cannot be denied that, if existing things are bad, the only way to mend them is to form an ideal of something better; but unless the something better is attainable, or is partially attainable, it would be far more desirable to form no ideal of it at all. Mr. Morris and his school entirely forget this. They see, just as other people besides themselves see, that in society as it exists there is much that is squalid and miserable and pitiable; and, moved by sorrow, or indignation, or hope, they think any picture of a society in which these evils are absent is a picture they are justified in setting before themselves and the people, as a standard by which society as it exists is to be judged,

and also as a representation of what we should endeavour to realise. It will, at all events, they believe, do this ; it will develop our feelings, and guide our actions in the right direction.

This, however, by no means follows. In the first place, the most attractive features in the ideal picture may be impossibilities ; in the second place, the features in actual life which are made most hateful by the contrast may be necessities, and the only result of the ideal picture may be to increase men's discontent with what they can never remove, and to set them striving after what they can never obtain. If a man, then, wishes to ameliorate the conditions of society, it is not enough that he should be discontented with existing evils, but he should be discontented only with such of these as are capable of being done away with. Of those that cannot be done away with, the evil is only magnified—indeed, in many cases it is produced—by contrast with false ideals, which suggest that they can be.

Suppose, for instance, that Socialists took it into their heads that death was not a necessity, and that nothing but capitalistic enterprise prevented everyone from enjoying an eternal youth ; what a state of madness and misery they would produce amongst those who believed in them ! What a dreadful revolution they might then easily excite—a dreadful revolution, and with what a ridiculous ending ! I do not suppose Mr. Morris to believe that the Social Democratic Federation can do away with death ; but many of the factors of civilisation, such as inequality, result just as inevitably from the constitution of man ; and Mr. Morris, in trying to set men against them, is, instead of putting anyone in the way to remove them, merely taking from his disciples all manly power of bearing them. What evils are removable, and what not removable, which we ought to be discontented with, and which we ought to accept and bear, are questions to be determined partly by common-sense, partly by observation and careful reasoning, guided by common-sense. The Socialists observe and reason, but they have not got common-sense to guide them. Let us go to Mr. Morris, and see how he shows us this.

He specially tells us in the paper we are now dealing with that his subject is not the economic side of Socialism ; but he indicates

clearly enough what, on the economic side, it is. It is a scheme for taking advantage of the increased wealth of the world, in order to distribute an equal competence to all. This equal distribution is, of course, according to him, to be desired on the grounds ordinarily set forth by levellers; but what he is here specially urging is that it is to be desired also on grounds somewhat different—not on the right of all men to money and comfort, but on the right of all men to the enjoyment of art and beauty; and his special ground, as here set forth by him, against the existing condition of things, is not that it produces destitution, but that it produces ugliness. He several times alludes to the condition of manufacturing districts like Lancashire—to the grimy streets, the clouded skies, and the chimneys with their perpetual smoke. He alludes again to modern utilitarian agriculture, and complains, with considerable justice, that scientific farming has a fatal tendency to injure our rural landscapes; and, above all, he complains that the conditions of modern labour preclude all exercise of art on the part of the labourer. Taken as a whole, Mr. Morris's complaints come to this: That the labourers, the producers, or, in other words, the great mass of the people, are, under the existing conditions of production, too poor to buy good works of art for themselves, and too uneducated to enjoy them; that their surroundings are hostile to the cultivation or the enjoyment of their artistic sense; that their work, as now arranged, is hostile to all exercise of any artistic instinct; and lastly, that society, as now constituted, is hostile to the exercise or the enjoyment of true art in anybody.

Now, these last two propositions have no doubt a large amount of truth in them. To deal with the last first, the age is certainly not an age of great art; but there are other causes which account for this, far better than that assigned by Mr. Morris. Mr. Morris says that the cause is inequality. Causes far more obvious, and far truer, are the loss or abeyance of definite religious faith, and the similar loss or abeyance of any definite social or political faith. If I may venture an opinion on this special subject, I should say that the two essential conditions of great art were belief in some definite religion universally accepted, and belief in the social order at the time prevailing.

It is impossible, however, to deal with this question here, so I will pass on to the other proposition of Mr. Morris : That labour, as now arranged, is fatal to the exercise of artistic instinct in the labourers. As I have just admitted, this is entirely true, and the only answer we can make to Mr. Morris is, firstly, that it is inevitable, and, secondly, that it is not so tragic a matter as he imagines. It is inevitable for this reason : labour is ceasing to be artistic, not because men's incomes are divided unequally, but because their labour is divided more and more minutely.

"The first point in the Socialist ideal of art is," says Mr. Morris, "that it should be common to the whole people, and this can only be the case if it comes to be recognised that art should be an integral part of all manufactured wares that have definite form and are intended for any endurance. . . . Furthermore," he continues, "in the making of wares there should be some of the spirit of the handicraftsman. . . . Now, the essential spirit of the handicraftsman is the instinct for looking at the wares in themselves, and their essential use, as the object of his work. Their secondary uses, the exigencies of the market, are nothing to him." The answer to all this is that, as wares are produced now, hardly any one worker can be said to produce any one ware. Each man produces some small bit of a ware, or some unrecognisable proportion of it, or some part of a part of something that will hereafter produce a part of it. If the artistic element in work means anything more than the conscientious element, the thorough element, or the industrious element, it would be not only impossible but useless and out of place among the immense majority of workmen—even those who assist in the production of wares which, when complete, have an artistic character. What art can there be in planing the slide-valve of a steam engine? or in building the plain brick wall of a hideous warehouse? There may be skill in both operations, but there is no room for art. Art was only possible to workmen generally when the workman generally did what he generally does no longer—make the whole of some given ware, or at all events some part of it which could be recognised as his own. But not only does the workman, as a fact, generally do this no longer : the very conditions of modern production make it impossible that he should do so.

Perhaps Mr. Morris will say that this is his very point, and that what he is urging is that these modern conditions should be altered. If that is his contention, here is the obvious reply to it. One of the principal reasons which cause Socialists to advocate the redistribution of wealth is the fact that in the modern world wealth has increased so enormously, and that there is so much of it to be distributed. But why and how has it increased? It has increased simply by those very methods of production which it would seem that Mr. Morris is anxious to do away with. It has increased, and is increasing, by the division of labour, by that very process which separates more and more each single workman from each single completed work. It is indeed no mere epigram, it is a sober and literal statement of fact, to say that in proportion as the possibility of art in ordinary labour decreases, the wealth of the community, however distributed, increases; and conversely, in proportion as we restore the conditions which make art in ordinary labour possible, the gross product of labour available for distribution will decrease. It is, of course, quite open to the Socialists to maintain that a decrease of this kind would be no real evil, and that we might be morally much richer whilst we were materially much poorer. This position, whatever its value, is at least tenable. But the position is not tenable which the Socialists actually occupy—the position that wealth should be redistributed because so much of it is produced, but redistributed under conditions that would make its production impossible.

I have several times called attention in other places to the following fact. If we compare the gross income of this country to-day with its gross income between forty and fifty years ago, we shall find, after making allowance for the increase of population, that the gross income of the working classes now is greater than the entire income of all classes then. In other words—making, as I say, all allowance for the increase of population—what was the entire wealth of England fifty years ago has, in the course of fifty years, been distributed amongst the working classes. And yet the working classes are still asking for more, and Mr. Morris is urging them to ask for a great deal more. Evidently, then, they would not tolerate any diminution in the amount of wealth produced. They want to get

at the millions of the rich, not to destroy them ; still less to destroy those millions which they did not possess fifty years ago, and which they now do possess. Yet this is precisely what would happen if Mr. Morris's advice were followed. In order to enable the people to enjoy art and practise art, he wishes to give them an increased share of riches ; and, in order to make art generally possible, he wishes to destroy the conditions under which the riches are produced. Mr. Morris in fact wishes to eat his cake and keep it; which may be possible in a dream, but is possible nowhere else.

The only comfort that can be offered him is one that he himself will reject : but none the less is it enough for ordinary people—especially the *people* in the Socialist's sense of the word. Let Mr. Morris ask any respectable artisan whether he would sooner have a vulgar cheap lamp and a vulgar cheap fireplace, or an artistic lamp and no fireplace, or else an artistic fireplace and no lamp, and he will certainly answer that getting rid of his art is a remarkably cheap way of doubling his practical comfort.

The real fact is that though the conditions of production now are hostile to art in a way they were not formerly, the artistic injury inflicted on the community is very slight indeed. Mr. Whistler takes a far truer view of the case than Mr. Morris. Mr. Whistler has pointed out that it is an entire hallucination to conceive of the ages which produced the greatest art as ages in which the mass of men were more artistic than at present. The reason that wares then were, as a rule, more artistic than wares now, was that fewer wares were made, and the men who took to making them were merely the men who had some artistic bent. But it is idle to imagine that, in any age whatever, either artistic power or artistic appreciation could in any sense be said to be general throughout the community. Mr. Whistler's view is strikingly illustrated by the fact that the word which in ancient Athens stood for gross, vulgar, and tasteless was a word which meant literally "workman-like," or "like a mechanic." The truth is that Mr. Morris's past age, when art was the property of all, and appreciated by all, is as unreal as the Golden Age of Rousseau. The State of Art is as unscientific, as anti-scientific an idea as the State of Nature.

Equally anti-scientific, equally contrary to evidence, is the

theory that art is stifled by inequality. The society of Athens was based first on slavery, then on a class of citizens whose name amongst persons of culture, as we have seen, meant the tasteless. There was more inequality in the Venice of Titian than there is in contemporary London. The division between classes was far more marked. And what of Florence? Let the palace of the merchant Pitti, let the palace of Strozzi the money-lender, answer.

In all his points alike Mr. Morris is a dreamer, just as are his brother Socialists. He differs from them only in this, that his dreams are the dreams of a poet, and though this prevents them from being typical of the dreams of Socialists generally, they are eminently typical of them in their obvious unreality.

Mr. Morris's own words are the best of all comments on his methods.

"Forget six centuries o'erhung with smoke,
Forget the noisy steam and piston stroke."

Mr. Morris invites us to do this; and he certainly shows us the way by having done it himself. His way of reading history is to forget it; and he thinks that the journey back to an imagined past is easy because he does not realise what lies between. He forgets, too, something more important than history—and that is the constitution of the human character. What the dreams and schemes of himself and of all his friends postulate is not only a change in institutions, but a complete change in man's character. If they can change that, the institutions will take care of themselves, and change also. Until they can change the first, they will never radically change the second; but meanwhile Mr. Morris will have done what but few men ever do—he will have fulfilled completely one of his earliest ambitions as he himself described it, and remain

"The idle singer of an empty day."

W. H. MALLOCK.

II.—POLITICS.

IN an old, long-settled country the tendency is usually against any strong expression of individualistic opinions, although there is a certain amount of adoration for the successful Individualist, expressed, of course, after he has succeeded. It is always so much easier for the ordinary mortal to float with the stream than to swim against it, or manifest eccentric methods of progression, that most persons are content with doing as others do. In this old country it is especially difficult to break through the conventions mostly unwritten, which govern human relations. In politics, Individualism, which is reasonably possible for the journalist and the public speaker, is of exceeding difficulty for the House of Commons legislator; he cannot afford to offend his electors, he must go with his party—with the added difficulty that every party, in this last decade of the nineteenth century, is in a transition state. The names Tory, Whig, Liberal, Radical, are, to-day, mere labels, and the men who are so labelled are seldom either Tories, Whigs, Liberals, or Radicals. Between the Toryism of sturdy Snipper and that of Mr. W. H. Smith there is more than the one hundred and sixty years or so—there is an impassable gulf. Divine right-asserting Toryism died out even before Lord North, and yet Lord North's Toryism is of a quality that no living member of the Cabinet could honestly pretend to inherit or maintain. The Whiggism of 1688 faded away long prior to the Reform Bill of 1832; nothing would embolden Lord Hartington or Sir Henry James to advocate the right of revolution, or even to reassert doctrines which were distinctly affirmed in both Houses of Parliament in the great Regency debate of little more than a century since. Whigs and Conservatives are, to-day, almost indistinguishable, save that one sits on the right, the other on the left of Mr. Speaker. Conservatives in office carry Liberal measures. There may be some little change of verbal expression, but that is all. Strict application of any principles in legislation would not be easy even for a statesman

who was both giant and genius, and the application might involve total disregard for continuance in office. Our Constitution is a patchwork of expedients and compromises, to make up which party flags have been cut into many snippets. A Disraeli has managed to make his party almost toe the line marked in the people's Charter of fifty years since, for which schoolmaster Lovett was sent to gaol; and to-day legislators on both sides of the House are far too ready to bid against each other for the popular vote, which, if it cannot give them safe lease of political power, can most certainly drive any Government from office at a general election. Those who in time of storm should firmly steer the vessel, find it easier to run before the wind; those who might breast a strong current are content to glide along with the tide. The overwhelming influences of the great ducal houses are gone; the *prestige* even of a great Prime Minister is subject often to the hysterical caprices of a journalist experimentalising in sensational copy. Just now it is a fashion, in words at any rate, to measure Socialism against Individualism in politics. I will, in my advocacy of Individualism, quite exclude from the scope of this paper the Socialism which, either in grim earnest, or in merry, or is it cynical, jest, proposes "to take every square foot of land and every penny of the capital in the country and to make them public property," especially as this taking is to "be effected by coercion" and "without any further compensations than those which, ample though they may be, the proprietary classes have not been educated to appreciate." The scores of thousands of owners of single houses, and of small plots of land acquired in land and building societies through years of careful thrift; the hundreds of thousands of storers-up of small economies in the various savings banks; the numerous array of small investors in the co-operative societies, will form some reliant resistant quantity to the threatened confiscation by coercion. I should like to see even the Fabian lecturer who would have calm confidence enough to ask a crowded audience gathered in any one of the numerous co-operative halls of the Midlands, or of the North, to abandon for ever all hope of "divvy," and to graciously surrender to a new Socialistic Government the *corpus* of their hardly acquired shares. I am not concerned here to discuss Socialism in

art, when a Millais is to be spurred by a grandmotherly executive into efforts of genius by award of the like subsistence that will be accorded to the chimney-sweep ; nor have I to examine Socialism in literature, where a Buckle, or a Ruskin, is to be gladdened by the sustenance paternally doled out in equal measure to the navvy or the sewer cleaner.

Lest I should, in these Bedlamitish illustrations, be suspected of even the faintest exaggeration, I may, perhaps, venture to quote one of the leading *literati* of present day Socialism, who says : "It may seem to those accustomed to the present system an injustice that the clever doctor, advocate, artist, author, or composer should be able to absorb no more of the good things of life than the man of average ability." I am, by the limitation of my subject, relieved from saying more on art and literature than that I think the dead level Socialistic government roller of like reward for every one, great or small, brave or cowardly, would probably flatten out of sight the whole of the peculiarities of cleverness and genius which sometimes help to serve and illumine the world. I have in this paper only to write on the stand to be made by the advocates of Individualism in politics. It is on projects of industrial legislation that the battle is to be really fought.

The legislation in the interest of British manufacturers, regulating manufactures and commerce in Ireland two centuries since, has sown the earth with curses which we, children of the sowers, reap to-day. The well intended remedial Irish land legislation of the last thirty-five years has, in some instances, certainly manufactured new evils without always diminishing the mischiefs honestly sought to be cured. The philanthropic factory, workshop, and mining legislation of this kingdom, though undoubtedly of enormous benefit to the general body of workers and thus to the country at large, has not been carried out without such destruction, during the past twenty-five years, to some of the smaller industries which formerly prevailed as to warn the watchful legislator that too much interference with the great industries which still keep our country well to the front in the march of nations, may do fatal injury to our capacity for progress. I am Individualist, as far as one wisely can be in such a country as our own. If I were in the

great North-West of the Dominion, far away from Ottawa or Montreal, or if I were in Western Australia, 500 miles or more from Perth, I should be still more Individualist. Here there are huge volumes of revised statutes, and—as I cannot black out inconvenient chapters, as the Russian Censor blacks out from the foreign journals disagreeable columns—I have at the outset my Individualism very much cramped. So much is this the case that I fear that I am even now regarded as a very weak-kneed Individualist from the legislatorial standpoint. I hold that the Legislature ought not to limit the freedom of the adult individual except to prevent or punish crime, or to prevent, or to give remedy for, damages in the cases of matters which, not being regarded as crime, are admittedly injurious to the life, health, comfort, or property of the community in general, or of its individual members. I even deny the right of the State to inflict other punishment for crime than may be reasonably considered as preventive of the happening of similar crime. I admit that it is often exceedingly difficult to draw the line between the sphere of executive and individual action, and in all such cases I am inclined not to allow or authorise the State to interfere, except under very overwhelming evidence of general advantage resulting. I am sometimes accused of personal inconsistency in this matter because I have carried through Parliament a Truck Law Amendment Act, and because I am now invoking the assistance of the Legislature in relation to Market Rights and Tolls. On the last it is enough, at present, to observe that I am trying to cheapen the food of the workers by getting rid of artificial oppressive restrictions, imposed chiefly by charter or letters patent, and sometimes by legislation. I am not seeking to impose new restrictions. As to the Truck Act, 1887, it is sufficient for me to point out that the Truck laws are directed against cheating, and to remark, as Mr. Cunningham has done in his very able volume on *Politics and Economics*, that the laws against Truck do not hamper the employer in conducting his business ; they can be enforced without any special reference to the scarcity of the times or the condition of trade, and are really desirable as preventing a fraudulent mode of bargain which had afforded opportunity for robbing the poor. I am further charged

with inconsistency in obtaining the establishment of the Labour Statistical Department of the Board of Trade, because here again, in the collection of information, there is considerable interference with the adult individual. I cannot plead guilty to the alleged inconsistency. I do not pretend that the individual is capable of doing everything which can be effected by an executive, with the vast means of the nation at its disposal. A national census could hardly be successfully achieved by individual enterprise, unless under a stimulus which would render its results open to suspicion, as, *e.g.*, a census of the customers of licensed victuallers in view of a liquor traffic debate, or an enumeration of the attendance at particular churches in view of a Disestablishment proposal. Labour statistics are admittedly useful alike to employers and employed. Such statistics, to be available for common reference in times of dispute and difference, need to be collected in ordinary times by agents as independent as possible, and to be issued in such a manner as to have authority and weight alike with capitalist and workman. I do not at present see the possibility of this being done in all industries, except by some such department as the Labour Bureau in the United States or the Labour Statistical Department in this country. Proposals on which Parliament is to be called on to decide, and on which members are to be ranked like goats and sheep, as Individualists or Socialists, are fairly numerous. I will take only a few as illustrations. (1) A maximum daily period of labour; (2) a minimum daily wage; (3) national or municipal factories and workshops, or other industrial undertakings, so that none may be unemployed; (4) the prohibition of foreign pauper immigration; (5) prohibition of the employment of foreigners by British subjects. Numbers 1 and 2 I hold should be, and can best be, settled in each industry in conciliatory conference between employers and employed. Parliament ought not to have the duty of pronouncing for it has neither the requisite knowledge nor sufficient leisure to differentiate from year to year in the varying circumstances of each industry; nor is it possible in practice to make one hard and fast rule that shall serve for all. A minimum rate of wage, even when enforced by a trades union, means that those who are too young, or too unskilled, to earn the minimum will not be accepted, though

willing to take a little less until they can earn more; that those who have grown a little too old to continue to earn the fixed minimum will be discharged, although willing to accept lesser wage, knowing their reduced power, and yet feeling too strong to be enforcedly idle, and too proud to be beggars.

No. 3, applied to general industries, is either superfluous or it is mischievous. There are special undertakings, as gas, water, and tramways, requiring special authority of interference with rights of way, or practical monopoly of way or supply, which the local authority might well conduct. There are undertakings, such as railways, needing special Imperial authorisation for their construction and working, in which the Government, in exchange for the monopoly of road, given for a period of years, might well insist on reversion to the State of the concern and plant, after a lapse of time sufficient for redemption of cost and reasonable profit. But to ask that local authorities shall compete with ordinary manufacturers is, if the industry is reasonably profitable, unnecessary, for private enterprise will greedily seek out such occasions for getting return on capital. In the cases of unprofitable undertakings the loss will be so much utterly wasted capital, which will have to be reimbursed from the local rates, and which loss will have reduced the profits and lessened the purchasing power of wages earned in any profitable businesses conducted within the jurisdiction of such local authority. If I say very little on Nos. 4 and 5 it is because they are, as yet, only vaguely urged, and the careful evidence taken by the Select Committee which sat for two years (1888-9) shows that, except the Jewish immigration, affecting certain well defined areas, and excepting the Italian musicians, who as beggars might well be prevented, the percentage of pauper immigration is exceedingly small, and that in no case has the effect of any such immigration (here including the Jewish) been shown to be injurious to the well-being of our home work people. The Jewish poor do not, as a rule, become chargeable on our rates; the wealthier Jews, who are of course rated to the relief of our poor, also provide for their destitute co-religionists. The industries in which the immigrant Jews chiefly find occupation are export industries, mainly created by their own people. It is a little curious that

while the movement, so-called Socialistic, is said to be international, there are very strong national antipathies manifested between workmen who, in various European countries, are found repeatedly appealing to their Governments to prevent the entry of foreign workmen.

Those who clamour loudest for increased statutory powers against immigrants, forget or ignore that from these islands we were recently the largest emigrating people, and that even now we are only rivalled by the Germans. The right of each country to exclude persons it does not approve is, of course, indisputable. On the question of hours of labour, where excessive hours may, as in the case of railway workers, involve danger to life and limb of others, the duty of the Legislature, under whose authorisation such enterprises exist, is to interfere, and it may well do so by making the fact of such undue employment involve a *primâ facie* case for damages against the railway company where injury results, and by making the high officials criminally responsible where accident to life or limb has followed. Nor do I see anything unfair, when a railway company comes to Parliament for privilege and powers without which it cannot conduct its business, that Parliament shall, in granting those privileges, annex such conditions as to hours of working as it thinks fit in respect of such occupations as signalmen, guards, or engine drivers, where inattention resultant from weariness has caused loss of life and grievous bodily injury to the general public.

I read with some attention the *jeu d'esprit* on the Socialist ideal in politics which appeared in the last issue of the NEW REVIEW, and am bound to concede that it is at least as coherent and as sensible as anything I have yet read from the same able pen, or from the pens of the writer's perhaps equally able, but certainly not more sincere, Socialistic coadjutors. That it contained no political programme, from beginning to end, is nothing, because this at any rate avoided the numerous and fatal objections which always arise when Socialism is stated in detail. That it mocked without comprehending the steadily growing thrift of the industrial classes, which has slowly but certainly during the last fifty years, and especially during the past thirty years, changed and ameliorated the general condition of the

masses, I do not complain. The figures given are so ridiculous, and the statement of them so irrelevant, that I will only stop to inquire what is meant by saying that "the Lancashire co-operators have secured only £80,000 of the capital of the Manchester Ship Canal for the factory operatives, whilst the balance of £5,920,000 has fallen into the hands of their landlords and masters." I presume, from facts brought before Parliament, that each individual who sought to get shares in the Ship Canal got them. I have not been carefully through the share list to ascertain how many of the allottees were respectively factory workers, landlords, and masters; but even if the facts are as stated, and it is demonstrable that the savings of the industrial classes of Lancashire are immeasurably beyond the £80,000 mentioned, the only conclusion warrantable would be, if the whole of the £5,920,000 had been subscribed by other than factory workers, that these latter had not looked on the scheme with the favour accorded to it by larger subscribers. I have always regarded the distribution of wealth in this country as unequal, but I have before me Mr. Giffen's valuation of 1885, in his *Growth of Capital*, at £10,037,000,000, and am totally unable to deduce from it anything verifying Mr. G. B. Shaw's statement that of this only £200,000,000 is to be attributed to the wage-earning classes. To adopt the language of M. de Castellane, in his *Quatrième Etat Français*, the effect of disregard of Individualism in politics is well illustrated by the course of things under Napoleon III. The excessive centralisation of which the Second Empire manifested itself so jealous killed alike all initiative in the workman and in the elector. The workman was brigaded, numbered, ticketed on his *livret* as if he had been merchandise, induced to look to the Emperor as to a universal Providence, the only one able to give him any happiness in life, and the workman ended by considering his employer as *une quantité négligeable*. But a result is that France was without the trades unions of this kingdom, or those of the United States; it was without the ever increasing co-operative associations which meet us at every turn in England. This spirit of centralisation seems implied in the letter of Cardinal Manning read at Liège on September 10th, in which his Eminence was understood to declare that he did not believe it would ever be

possible to establish permanent peaceful relations between employer and workman until profits and wages were regulated by the State.

It is hardly possible that in this practically moribund Parliament there will be any actual legislation on the points glanced at in this brief paper, but it is more than probable that speeches will be made in the House of Commons more with regard to the effect these may be expected to have on special sections of a particular constituency at a general election than as the result of grave and careful consideration of the ultimate consequences of passing any one of the many measures proposed, say, at the recent Trades Union Congress at Liverpool. There is hesitancy lest offence may be given to the voters. Now, with generally increased education there is a natural and growing desire for a higher standard of comfort. This is good and should be encouraged, but men should be stimulated to achieve their own betterment, not be taught to look to the Executive Government for an amelioration which is only permanently possible by individual initiative and exertion. I note the word "blackleg" figures in the advocacy of Socialism in politics printed in your last issue, as it often figures in Socialist speeches; but the so-called "blackleg" is mostly only an honest man with a hungry wife and starving children, who is trying to work for food instead of begging or stealing. When a Socialist politician of any ability says that he has to make an effort to be serious in discussing these exceedingly grave questions, he has penned more effective condemnation of himself and the class of opinions which he advocates than anything I can write. The closing decade of the nineteenth century needs that there shall be most earnest appreciation by those who have hitherto governed, that the electoral change which commenced in 1832, which was carried further in 1867, and which made still greater strides in 1884-5, cannot stop short of one man one vote, and this attainable without the long residential period qualifying for registration. The people will have the suffrage control, but they will seldom exercise it unitedly except under pressure of emotion, sympathy, indignation, or hunger. On settled thought-out policy they will be at least as much divided as the governing classes have hitherto been. On Imperial policy as touching, say, the Maoris, the Zulus, the dwellers in

Central Africa, and even the millions of our fellow-sufferers in India, they will be indifferent; these are far away. On Imperial policy as affecting relations with great foreign Powers there will too often be a strong Jingo tendency, for national antipathies are very easily aroused. It is on home policy in hard times that we need to revive the old brave spirit of endurance manifested by our Lancashire cotton weavers nearly thirty years ago. The contrasts of great wealth and of acute misery are presented more abruptly in our overgrown Metropolis, despite the fact that there is actually less poverty compared with population than there was half a century since. The big cities and large towns present similar contrasts, though not on the same scale.

Another letter has been published from Cardinal Manning, in which he writes:

"Hitherto, we have been strangled by an exaggerated Individualism, and the coming century will show that human society is something greater and nobler than anything that is purely individual.

"The politicians and political economists of the modern school have had their day, and the twentieth century will be altogether for the people, and for the laws of common prosperity under a Christian *régime*."

It is courteous to hope that Cardinal Manning understands his own meaning. Who does he suggest has been strangled, and how, and when, and where? and why has his Church kept silence during the process of strangulation? If the two sentences have any connection it might be that the politicians and political economists of modern times are to be charged with being the stranglers, and that it is the people who have been strangled. But, surely, whatever crimes may be put at the door of English politicians and political economists, the people in this country as a whole are better off than they were seventy years since.

CHARLES BRADLAUGH.

[The reply to the Socialist Ideal in Literature is held over till next month.—EDITOR.]

THE DEMAS INVITATION TO ABANDON GOLD FOR SILVER IN THE UNITED STATES.

BUNYAN tells us, in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, that when Christian and Hopeful were nearing the Golden City, the streets of which were paved with gold, they met a person called Demas. The dialogue is as follows :—

"*Demas* (gentleman-like) called: 'Ho! Turn aside from the Golden City, and I will show you a thing.'

"*Christian:* 'What thing is so deserving as to turn us out of the way? . . . . Is not the place dangerous?'

"*Demas:* 'Not very dangerous except to those that are careless;' but withal he blushed as he said it."

Now Demas belonged, as he tells us, to a "silver fraternity," which he wished Christian and Hopeful to join, but they, seeing that the silver mine was surrounded with precipices, would not leave the way to the Golden City. They saw "By-ends and his companions" coming along, and looking with greed to the "Hill of Filthy Lucre," so it was clear that Demas would entice them out of the straight path. It came about that, at the first hail, they passed over to Demas, who led them to the silver mine. "But whether they fell into the pit, or whether they went down to dig, or whether they were smothered at the bottom, I am not certain, but this I observed, they were never seen again in the way to the Golden City."

So Christian trounces Demas for his devilish prank, and tells him "that his father was hanged as a traitor, and that he deserves no better reward."

I leave the allegory to the consideration of my bimetallic friends who would like to reside in the City of Gold, but who also wish to

sojourn among "the silver fraternity"; and now proceed to describe the extraordinary proposals which Demas has made to the intelligent inhabitants of the United States.

The proposals, now under consideration, may be divided into those which are fairly debatable and those which are entirely irrational. To the first class I will give fair consideration during the course of this article. The second class requires only to be stated to bring their own refutation.

The debatable proposals are the Bland Act of 1878, and its extension by the Silver Act of last year. The Bland Bill was originally a free coinage measure, but it was changed by Senator Allison into the obligation to coin 24,000,000 silver dollars yearly, with the permission to extend it to 48,000,000dol. The Treasury never went beyond the minimum. The new Silver Act extended the obligation to 4,500,0000z. of silver monthly, equivalent to above 60,000,000dol. annually. I postpone consideration of the working of these Acts, and of the proposal to establish free coinage of silver.

The irrational proposals come chiefly from some of the many "Farmers' Alliances." They feel the pinch of high protective tariffs, without quite recognising them as the main cause of the state of agricultural depression. Their objects are diverse, though all are united in desiring free coinage for silver, while most of them demand "soft money" in addition. The Southern Farmers' Alliance seem to have joined with the "Knights of Labour" to form a National Union, of which Colonel Polk is president. This is how he describes their prospects: "We have become thinkers. We have scratched away all the rubbish of the negro question, of the bloody shirt, of the tariff, of the Federal control of elections, and have at last got down to hard pan"!

So far as it is intelligible the programme seeks to establish the free coinage of dollars, or the issue of paper dollars, without delay, to the extent of 50dol. per head of the population—the present currency of all kinds being about 24dol. per head. This modest proposal means the issue of 620,000,000 sterling of ordinary currency. Banks are to be replaced by Government sub-treasuries, which are to build storehouses for produce and lend money at 2 per cent. on land

and produce. At the Convention constituting the Union, labour-saving machinery was denounced, and especially electricity—"which has cornered God's wrath to do the bidding of capitalists in their greed for wealth." These views, though crude and foolish, cannot be treated with contempt, for the Farmers' Alliances throughout the country have enrolled about 4,000,000 members. As the last Presidential election had only 11,000,000 votes, it is obvious that these alliances will be a powerful political factor in the next election, and that both the Republican and Democratic parties will bid for their votes.

Another irrational proposal comes from the Alliance at Kansas, and is sent as a Bill to the Senate. Congress is denounced for having monetised gold, and we are told that money is based on force, but that the only true money is "a thought of legal tender power stamped on any material by a nation."

The "thought" must not be stamped on precious metals, but upon "full legal tender silk-threaded greenbacks, which must be engraved in the highest style of art and used until interest falls into *silent disuse*." The Kansas Bill kindly allows the imprinted "thought" on the greenback to be changed into gold or silver for two years, but after that date any Secretary of the Treasury is to be imprisoned for life if he issue any more coin. A Californian Senator desires 100,000,000 of these greenbacks to be issued at 2 per cent., in sums of 500dol. and upwards, on the security of one-half the assessed value of the land, but he forgets that interest is to fall "into silent disuse."

The political education of the masses must be at a low ebb when such wild-cat projects are even conceivable, and it is a serious duty of intelligent Americans to undertake an educational campaign upon currency questions. They have lately done this with excellent effect in regard to the tariff.

One idea runs through both the silver currency advocates and the *fiat* money inflators, that industrial prosperity, meaning high prices and high wages, depends on the volume of currency in circulation. There is no evidence in favour of this view in any country, and certainly not in the United States. In the ten years from 1879 to 1889 the population increased about 30 per cent., while the coin

and paper in active use among the people augmented 87 per cent. During most of this period there was a large and general decline in prices, though the increased money in circulation was nearly thrice the growth of the people. During that time the price of silver fell like that of other commodities, but it remained at the legal ratio with gold in domestic use, because there was abundance of the nobler metal to back it. If we go further back, to 1860, and examine the thirty years which have since elapsed, we find that in the first year the money in circulation was only 14dol. per head, while its maximum of 33dol. occurred in 1865, the period of war; since then it has varied from 22dol. to 27dol., the amount in 1890 being 24dol. No relation of the currency to prices or to wages can be discovered during this long period; that is, no quantitative connection is apparent. The same amount of money per head is found in years of high and of low prices. There is nothing whatever to indicate that the plethora of the circulating medium produces high prices, or that deficiency produces low prices. We might compare England and the United States in this respect. The industry of this country has increased largely between 1879 and 1889. The foreign trade augmented 21 per cent., and that indicated by the Clearing House by 57 per cent. But the money circulation, as shown by the net export of gold and the lessened note issue, had decreased 13,000,000 sterling. In the United States, during the same period, the money circulation, which was only 800,000,000dol. in 1879, had become 1,498,000,000dol. in 1889, and yet there was less financial stability there than in England. What does affect prices, undoubtedly, is the low or high state of credit in a nation. The credit currency of banks is much influenced by the national and banking reserves of the precious metals. Bullion is both a purchasing and a paying power, while credit is a purchasing power, and a paying one when people have faith that cheques and bills are supported by gold in reserve. The more commercial and the more intelligent a nation is the less is there of actual money in circulation proportionally to the business transacted, and the greater is the reliance on banking credit. A good cheque for £5,000 is a much more convenient form of payment than 1cwt. of gold or 16cwt. of silver. The wild-cat currency proposed by the Farmers' Alliance

and Knights of Labour is based, with a dim perception, on the effect which credit produces on prices, but they fail to see that there would be no credit at all unless there was behind it a backing of gold or of silver with an honest value. The cheque on a bank issued by an individual or the note issued by a nation rests equally on the ability to pay in standard money. The 1,000dol. note of the United States can be exchanged at will for 1,000dol. of gold; but the 1,000dol. note of the Argentine Republic will now obtain less than half that amount of gold. Coined money is coined credit because long experience shows that, with a small amount of variability, especially in relation to gold, the same payment will obtain any particular service. The banking system of the United States is not nearly so advanced as it is in England, but Mr. Atkinson estimates that its paper credits are from fifty to a hundred times the amount of money in circulation, including gold, silver, and national notes.

The farmers feel that they are heavily taxed to support a protective tariff, and they sigh for relief, but they look for it in the wrong way. They have a surplus of crops amounting to 12 per cent. of their produce to export, and they find that the prices for food are governed by the quotations at Mark-lane, and, in regard to cotton, by the mart in Liverpool. Nations interchange commodities in payment, using gold only to settle the balances of exchange. England is not going to pay American farmers gold for their produce if it is to receive in return for its goods either silver at a fictitious value, or, still worse, "the thought of legal tender power imprinted in the highest style of art on greenbacks with silk threads." England, in such a case, would buy food from nations willing to take her goods in exchange, and containing only a small percentage of currency lunatics.

This leads us to inquire what is likely to be the effect of the changes recently made in the interests of the silver fraternity, and of those which are likely to be made in the same direction by the present Congress or the new one which begins next March. There are two questions: first, the probable effect of the present law which limits the amount of silver to be purchased, and, second, the effects likely to follow a new law for the free coinage of silver to all who take it to the Mint.

Bland's Act and the present Silver Act practically mean the same thing, except as to the quantity of silver bought. Under the Bland Act 2,000,000oz. were purchased each month; under the new Act 4,500,000oz. must be bought, though after July they need not be coined, the silver being represented in circulation by certificates. At present these, though not lawful tender, as well as the paper dollars, which are so, are at par with gold, in the ratio of one to sixteen, because the Treasury has ample gold to redeem them, and, even when not under obligation, is willing to exchange the silver equivalent for gold. How long will this par be maintained? The Act has not been successful in keeping up the price of silver to the par value, which is 59d. (accurately 58·98d.) per ounce. A few months ago the increased demand under the new Act raised the price to 54⅝d., and the silver men rejoiced that it was on the high road to par. But its price fell to 47d., and in dismay they clamoured for a new Act to compel the Government to buy all the excess of silver in the market, amounting to 6,000,000oz. or 7,000,000oz. In the second place, we have to consider whether the country can continue to absorb the 60,000,000dol. of silver or its representative notes which must be issued annually. There is a void to be filled by the withdrawal of bank-notes, which are no longer profitable for issue, and these amount to about 80,000,000dol. or 90,000,000dol., though a portion of this sum is already provided for. For a year or two this hiatus may keep up the par. The growth of the country, by the experience of the past, seems only to require an increase of from 20,000,000 to 30,000,000 silver dollars for retail transactions, so that in time the Treasury would have to hoard annually from 30,000,000 to 40,000,000 of silver, because it could not put it into circulation. This occurred in 1886, when the hoarding of silver notes by the Treasury reached 90,000,000. This hoard vanished under the prosperity of recent times. Although no immediate evil is likely to ensue, it is obvious that even the present Act must in a few years lead to a premium on gold, and most probably to the reduction of the United States to the lower commercial rank of a nation with a silver standard. Mr. Windom, the Secretary of the Treasury, sees this clearly enough, for he said, in April last: "This nation will step down from its present proud position, and take its place on the

financial basis of China, India, and South America." Already gold is disappearing, though probably it is not leaving the country but is being hoarded by bankers in anticipation of a crisis not yet imminent under the present Silver Act, but which would inevitably arrive, like a cataclysm, when the Congress passes a law for free coinage of silver.

Free coinage of silver, which, by present appearance, seems likely to become law of the United States during the present year, means that anyone can take silver to be coined at the mints, and that *either* 25⅘gr. of gold *or* 412½gr. of silver shall constitute a dollar of legal tender. Of course, such a law could only be enforced for domestic use, because the moment the silver dollar is used for international exchange it becomes a commodity at market price, representing at present prices, 81½ cents to the stranger and 100 cents to the American. According to the Gresham law, which is invariable in its action, the depreciated metal will drive gold out of circulation except at a premium. The practical demonetisation of gold, now amounting to 689,000,000dol., must produce serious effects. If the United States is forced to adopt a silver standard, all debts contracted in gold would at one fell swoop be converted into silver debts, and the capital and interest would fall by the difference between the nominal and real value of the silver dollar as expressed in terms of gold. At present that is about 18 per cent., but a few years ago it was as much as 30 per cent. This is the reason that the Farmers' Alliances have joined the silver fraternities. They look with hope to the time when their mortgages will be cut down to silver value. British interests will be deeply affected by the change, because there is so much of our gold invested in American securities. It is highly probable, when capitalists realise that the Senate, the House of Representatives, and the President will really agree upon a measure of free coinage, that there will be a rush for foreclosure of debts on the existing gold basis, and that a serious panic will result.

The answer to these fears given by the free coinage party is that the country can absorb all the silver offered for conversion into coin, and that it will still remain on a par with gold. But we have already seen that the accumulation of a small surplus of silver, only amounting to one month and a-half of Government purchase, has

knocked down the price of silver by 18 per cent. from the maximum. Let us see how the facts stand.

On account of the new improvements in the production of silver in Colorado, Montana, and Idaho, the cost of production has been reduced to about 30d. per ounce. Colorado produced between 5,000,0000z. and 6,000,0000z. in 1878, and Montana less than half that quantity, but each of them now produces about 20,000,0000z. annually. The product of the whole world in twelve years, 1878 to 1889, has increased from 73,476,0000z. to 126,000,0000z., or has augmented by 72 per cent. Under this increase of supply beyond the demand the price of silver in the open market has fallen. The gold value of the silver dollar still remains at the legal ratio because the public know that the Treasury is able and willing to exchange it for gold. With a free coinage of silver this confidence would be rudely shaken, because gold would disappear by hoarding and exportation, and in the face of a largely increasing production of silver its gold value must ultimately fall still further. Hitherto the effect of the Act has been rather to produce contraction than inflation, resting as it practically does on a gold basis. The gold foundation will necessarily dwindle away under the friction of a free coinage of silver, and then silver currency will be, like inconvertible paper, a *fiat* money domestically, though a mere commodity internationally. The desire of the United States to be a self-contained nation deludes it into the belief that it can support itself financially without international links with other civilised countries. The fact that it produces both gold and silver within its borders has tempted it to take a double standard with a legal ratio. But even the present Act, which fixes a limited amount of silver issue, cannot be supported by native silver alone, and certainly not by native gold. The native produce of gold in 1889 was valued at 32,817,000dol., and of these 16,697,000dol. were used in the arts and not in coinage. The import of gold in that year was 12,061,520dol., but the export amounted to 50,948,273dol. So that, as a net result, the United States *lost* 22,766,753dol. in gold. With silver it is different, for the native product in 1889 was 50,000,0000z., equivalent to 64,646,464dol., and if imported silver be added, to 73,412,464dol. This would be ample for the silver coinage under

the new Act. But the exigencies of trade required the use of 8,766,000dol. of silver for the arts, and for exportation 40,730,014dol. more were removed, so that the net gain of silver was only 23,195,332dol. in value.

Still, there will be no lack of silver for coinage as long as 50d. in the silver dollar is exchangeable for 59d. in the gold dollar. Mexico alone, on the borders of the United States, has a silver produce valued at 41,000,000dol. How soon the gold will disappear from the country, or from circulation, so that the double standard must be reduced to one of silver, will be an interesting subject of experience. The bimetallists in England no doubt see this clearly enough, but they base their hopes of the continuance of a double standard on the belief that all European countries will come to a common agreement of a fixed legal ratio between gold and silver. Until the United States have more fixed ideas as to currency this event is not likely to be realised. Last spring the English Bimetallic League trumpeted loudly their joy when they saw the price of silver rising under the new demand of the United States for a silver currency. True, they did not see the prices of commodities rising as they anticipated, and they were struck dumb when the price of silver again fell. But the League has, within the last few weeks, issued a new manifesto, though the fanfare on this occasion is like the sound of penny trumpets as compared with the brazen clang of last year. The new manifesto says: "This Act is undoubtedly a valuable and substantial step towards the utilisation of silver as money. It does not, however, establish an open mintage of silver." The chances are that the latter desire will soon be accomplished, and the experiment will be a valuable one for Europe, even if it lead to a commercial panic. Bagehot was right when he said that the astounding experiments of American legislation were important in their failures because they established the stable truths of political economy. As a believer that the gold standard of England is necessary for its position as the great financial centre of the world, I hope that we may keep in the straight path without being tempted by the invitations of Demas, in the form of the Bimetallic League, to abandon the strong citadel of gold in order to join "the silver fraternity."

LYON PLAYFAIR.

CHIROMANCY'S CHART.

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

ACCORDING to the ancient palmists, with whom in this instance I entirely agree, "you are born with your left hand; your righth and you make for yourself," and chances and checks, sent by what fortune-telling lore calls "fate," are shadowed out as possibilities in the left hand, while the right shows their treatment and its results. The varying portraits usually presented by the two hands may be compared to the different views held of a man by his mother and his *fiancée*, if he have one; his mother seeing what he has been, and is, all that his right hand would show the palmist. To his *fiancée*, however, much more than this may be visible, for she will see him as he might be, as perhaps, for her sake and under her influence, he may become if the influence be strong enough. Whether this be so or not, Chiromancy could enlighten her; and should it frown a negation on all her hopes she would be wise to break with a life doomed to disappoint her. The multitude, however, will scarcely take this view until the prophecy of D'Arpentigny, that "La chiromancie sera un jour la grammaire de l'organisation humaine," has been accomplished.

Palmistry is like a Chinese puzzle; unless each piece is perfectly fitted nothing is gained by an attempt to force things to a conclusion. Lucky guesses are often made by fictitious fortune-tellers, but, if pressed, their chance conclusions break off short, as do the puzzle pieces when thrust into places to which they do not appertain.

The usual division of palmistry into two parts—Chirognomy, or study of the shape of the hand, and Chiromancy, or study of the

lines of the palm—is rendered respectable by ancient usage, and although arbitrary, and also, as Heron Allen has well said, "not only false in practice, but misleading in principle," it is difficult to discard the form on which the ancient principles of palmistry are built. It is left for the Chiromancy of to-day to show that many characteristics are given by the course and colour of the lines of the palm, the region under Chiromancy's sway; while fortune, if not exactly to be found in the fingers, is usually the outcome of qualities denoted by their formation, and interpreted by Chirognomy.

Cohesion is the keynote of Chiromancy, and any attempt to separate its constituent parts results only in the production of half-formed skeletons, whose joints jar and rattle when they touch, instead of fitting smoothly into one harmonious whole. "I can read your character, but I know nothing whatever about fortune-telling," is a common remark, and one received with approbation by the many who feel convinced that in their palms Chiromancy can only find qualities calculated to fill all those privileged to hear the interpretation with an admiring awe. These people, while delighting in the prominence thus given to their personalities, yet condemn fortune-telling as a tampering with evil spirits. "There can be nothing wrong in character-reading," they remark complacently, as they extend their hands for the palmist's inspection; but I am inclined to doubt whether the feelings of these worthy souls are still those of vivid satisfaction when the ordeal is over, unless the interpreter be one who, velvet shod, treads warily to the side of all susceptibilities. For their comfort, however, should the picture presented by the palmist displease them, I would remind them that characters thus read are practically valueless. Unless the influences and occurrences which have tended to develop, or even to create, leading qualities are observed and noted, any transcript of our natures is about as useful as a watch we cannot wind up. Character sketches cannot be made with any surety unless supported by events due to the working of mind and will which are shown by the lines in the palm; and further, such portraits can only be valuable in pointing out where we have gone, and are likely again to go wrong, and also in showing us the qualities we have developed, whether for good or for evil, and the manner of their development.

History repeats itself in hands as in lives, and the man who has already come to grief through impetuous hot-headedness, "action quand même," as Desbarrolles puts it, will in all probability precipitate himself into other difficulties of like description, unless, indeed, he has learnt his lesson and seen the necessity of self-control and coolness. Whether he has or has not done this the palmist will speedily see, for one of the most important points in palmistry is the mutability of lines. In six months a hand will change and develop marvellously, and, where a strong will has been set to conquer impulse and passion, development of the head line will prove that determination has won the day, should there be coincident diminution in the redness and strength of crosses in the space between the head line and the mensale, called Plain of Mars; the mensale, or line of heart, being that immediately below the fingers, and running from the first finger to the side of the hand; while the head line, starting close to the thumb, either follows the mensale or slants downwards towards the wrist.

Determination is shown by the thumb, which is a study in itself, its three joints representing the three powers which rule the world: Love, Logic, and Will. The third joint, surmounted by the Mount of Venus, is, as its name states, dedicated to love; the second, rising from the mount to the first joint, shows Logic, or its absence; and the first phalange, ending in the nail, declares the force forthcoming to shape success or fortune. Want of length between the nail and the first joint of the thumb tells of weakness, which often explains how brilliant chances marked by lines on the palm have been allowed to slip through feeble fingers. Only in a clever hand, where finger tips are pointed, and their first phalanges (*i.e.*, joints) long, is this short-topped thumb desirable. In this combination its weakness is but that of all imaginative genius—inability to cope with the rough realities of daily life. With clever hands the short first phalange tells of inspiration and creative faculty, and in such cases a long second phalange to the thumb denotes a tendency to see things from all points of view, which makes life difficult, but composition easy; for such people can so put themselves in sympathy with all sorts and conditions of men that they will paint them to the life, whether with pen or pencil.

Persons whose thumbs show a long, broad, thick, and coarse-looking first phalange, while the second is short and insignificant, are obstinate to pigheadedness; but when both phalanges are of equal length, they show the man *qui ira loin*, his determination being based on the calmest, clearest logic, and carried out by an unfaltering will.

Men who, like Petruchio, would have a patient wife, yet lack his ruling thumb and power of will to fashion her as he did, should study fingers ere they make their choice; for when a woman's little finger extends above the topmost joint of the third finger it will take a Petruchio to tame her, and, according to the old fathers of palmistry, the husband of such a woman "will have a shrew, and she will wear the breeches."

Judging by the shower of questions on the subject of matrimony with which both sexes assail the palmist, it would appear that solving the French conundrum on "marriage" is the all-engrossing object and occupation of the day, and if cynics lay stress on its first three lines only—

"Mon premier, c'est un tyran;
Mon second, c'est le diable;
Et mon tout, c'est l'enfer"—

many young and hopeful spirits spring up, chiming out:—

"Mais si l'on aime, mon premier;
Ou ne craint point, mon second;
Et mon tout, c'est le bonheur parfait."

The so-called marriage lines are very diminutive, but they undoubtedly possess more interest for the general world than any others; the unfortunate thing about them is that they are singularly indefinite. They rise on the percussion or side of the hand and run horizontally on to the Mount of Mercury, which rises between the mensale and the little finger. But I consider the long ones only to be indicative of matrimony; short ones simply showing how often it has been contemplated; while branches rising towards them from the line of heart tell whether that organ was or was not involved.

A cross on the Mount of Jupiter (which is the lump immediately below the first finger) is supposed to show a marriage of affection; but this sign, again, is vague, as occasionally it declares only a one-sided devotion. These crosses, however, are sometimes useful in fixing the date of marriage: if very near the root of the first finger, it will be an early one; if about the centre of the Mount of Jupiter, between twenty-five and twenty-eight; and if so low as closely to approach the line of life, not until old age has set in.

A better method of ascertaining the date of marriage is, I think, to take a slanting line from a clearly marked marriage line to the line of life, and, should a small line running parallel to the Vitale (which encircles the thumb) appear at the point to which this brings me, I consider it a distinct mark of marriage at that date. A corresponding cross in the Saturnian, or line of fate, of which I must presently speak, adds corroboration amounting to certainty, and is the safest evidence to go upon, as the other signs take for granted an affection which in *mariages de convenance* is usually conspicuous by its absence.

I have been told by people who have studied palmistry upon the Indian system that their method of calculating the date of marriage is to measure the space between such a line and the mensale. If very near the root of the finger, the marriage should be a very early one, as in the case of crosses on the Mount of Jupiter; if about equi-distant between the mensale and the root of the little finger, it will be nearer middle age; while should it only appear just above the heart line, marriage will not take place until the meridian of life is past. I cannot say if this is truly Indian lore, I merely give it as a commonly accepted method, with which, however, I am unable to induce my experience entirely to concur, and the predictions which I most vividly remember as having been made upon this basis seem hardly likely to be realised.

The subject was a young lady, whose palm showed three marriage lines, but as the first did not appear, according to the palmist, until more than half her life had passed, the space allotted to each husband seemed somewhat scanty. The young lady married shortly afterwards, and, as her husband's hand declared two

marriages, they are rather at a loss to imagine how Fortune intends to fit their fates.

The palmistry of different countries is divergent chiefly in its dating. The system founded by D'Arpentigny and Desbarrolles is derived from the ancient Kabala, whose origin cannot be traced, although its secrets were known both in India and Egypt, whence portions of its teaching slowly filtered into other countries. Pythagoras is said to have introduced it into Greece, where it was also studied by Anaxagoras.

Many centuries later the art of palmistry originally built upon this system was introduced into Germany by some of those Egyptians who revolted from the Turkish yoke and dispersed in small parties all over the world, while their supposed skill in the black art procured for them a universal reception in that age of credulity and superstition. The welcome given to them, however, was not universally enduring, for they were expelled from France and many other countries in less than fifty years after their advent.

Germany has produced several most interesting works on Chiromancy, and from one especially, dating from about 1600, I have learnt many things which I have failed to find elsewhere. This work declares that when the marriage line ends in a fork it indicates a broken engagement, and this reading I have invariably found correct, even in cases where it seemed most unlikely, such as that of a school girl of fifteen.

Every country has its own traditions, from each and all of which some truths doubtless may be gleaned. Hungarian gipsies still have a world-wide reputation. I am doubtful, however, whether the predictions of to-day's Italian Zingare rest greatly upon the lore chronicled in quaintest mediæval writings and stored away in the British Museum.

Here, too, are books in queer old French and ancient English, all on the same subject, containing such useful hints as these: "Beware of hurt from four-footed beasts if four lines run perpendicularly from the wrist towards the little finger"; and, "Beware of falling from a high place if there be a star upon the ring finger." The truth of these signs I have seen proved in many cases, but I will only instance that of one man who had a serious attack of brain

fever, resulting from a kick on the head given to him by his hunter while struggling out of a ditch; and of another who, returning from the country house where I had told his fortune and given him this salutary Old World warning, was next day knocked over by a hansom whilst crossing the Strand.

The star on the third finger I also find a true sign. In one instance, where it was enclosed in a small square (sign of preservation from danger), I said that death had been narrowly escaped in falling from some tremendous height. "You are right," my subject answered; "only a projecting plank stayed my fall from some scaffolding which was then attached to the highest part of the South Kensington Museum."

The importance of the Saturnian, or line of fate, to which I have already referred, is, I think, more keenly felt by modern than by ancient palmists. The reason is, perhaps, that in the hurried nervous life of the nineteenth century the events which chiefly affect us are those marked in the line which tells of fortune made or marred. The meanings of lines and their relative value must vary with different ages, for in these days people are not dropped into *oubliettes*, not often slowly poisoned, and even duels are regarded as the peculiar privilege of the French Ministry. Chiromantic signs, therefore, either lose their significance or disappear, much as some wild animals change their very forms when they become domesticated; and it is because of this that so much ancient lore is mere waste paper. The chief craving of to-day is to carve out a career, and the Saturnian will tell us whether, indeed, as Lord Beaconsfield puts it, "Youth is a blunder, manhood a mistake, and old age a regret," or whether success, beyond our fondest hopes, awaits us in the future.

This all-important line of fate rises either from the line of life, the Plain of Mars (or space between the head and life lines), the Mount of the Moon, or the Rascette, which is the line joining hand to wrist, and which is the most favourable starting point for the Saturnian. Rising straight and clear from this line to the second finger, but without cutting its root, it promises great happiness and good fortune; but should it cut the root of the finger, the distinguished destiny it prophesies may but be that of colossal crime,

and as has been said of the youngest and worst of Roman emperors :—

"Si son exécrable mémoire
Parvienne à la posterité,
C'est que le crime, ainsi que la gloire,
Conduit à l'immortalité."

A good clear Saturnian commencing on the Mount of the Moon, which rises immediately above the Rascette, tells that fortune will be due to the caprice of helping hands, or favourable winds ; for when not won by human aid, other signs, such as lines running horizontally from the side of the hand towards the palm, will declare successful voyages, or ventures beyond the sea, forming Fortune's foundation.

When the line of fate starts from the Vitale it often simply reflects that line, and indicates that life is mere existence ; although in an intellectual hand, where Will is strongly developed, it may mean that Genius works its own way to eminence, unaided by friends or fortune.

People who have no Saturnian drift with the stream, leaving no otter's "chain" to mark their progress, like Wordsworth's

"Violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.
She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh!
The difference to me!"

Of this possibly enviable insignificance people whose lines of fate incline towards Jupiter need entertain no fear, for distinction will be forced upon them. They will, however, take more than kindly to it, for such persons are often curiously childish, and take an infantine delight in bearing honours of any sort ; they attach vast importance to trifles, and are absurdly ready to take offence.

All small lines, not crosses, which cut the Saturnian, signify obstacles ; but crosses bear a widely different and most important interpretation, indicating changes of position, place, or life, leading (if beyond the cross the line of fate is good and clear) to fortune

and success. In a woman's hand one of these crosses usually marks the date of marriage, if such marriage is elsewhere indicated. The date is easily ascertained by measurement, starting from the wrist, from which part to the line of head a period of between thirty and thirty-five years must be counted; the space between the head and heart lines gives from ten to fifteen additional years; and the rest of life, as demonstrated by the Saturnian, is compressed into the short space between the line of heart and the fingers. This measurement is according to Desbarrolles, and I have always found it correct. But I feel bound to mention a curious instance of fortune-telling, on what its exponent declared to be the Chinese system, which read the line of fate and, so far as I recollect, all other lines, backwards; that is, the end of any line accepted by the Chiromancy generally known to European civilisation as representing the *beginning* of life is by this method regarded as the *end* of life. I cannot myself agree with this method, but common honesty compels me to give the fortune told upon this curious system and its corroboration.

The subject was a girl whose name, even, was unknown to this professor of Chinese Chiromancy, but who had herself studied palmistry sufficiently to be interested in his curious method. He told her that, according to his reading, she would almost immediately meet some man, then unknown to her, of whom she would see but little and think less. Two or three months later they would again meet, but again for a short time only, as he would be on the eve of a voyage. On his return from that voyage they would meet once more and she would ultimately marry him, the date of the marriage being about three years from that time. In three years this girl married an officer whom she first met at a ball about a week after the garden party at which her hand was read; she did not dance with him, but he took her in to supper. They did not meet again for some months, when, just as he was starting for the Soudan, he called upon her people as he passed through London. She had then seen so little of him that the idea of marrying him never crossed her mind, and the fortune predicted had entirely faded from her memory, as unintelligible Chinese characters; but after his return from the Soudan she saw much more of him, and in less than three years they were engaged. The curious realisation of the fate thus shadowed

forth only occurred to her one day when her *fiancé* referred to their first and second meetings, and in a flash of memory the Chinese puzzle became clear to her.

According to this system, middle age is of course represented by the same portion of the lines as in modern Chiromancy, but babyhood takes the place of old age, and *vice versâ*.

Of the strange manner in which unreciprocated passions make their mark in the hand I have not space to treat here, but all students of palmistry must open their minds to the idea that fortune-telling is chiefly a close introspection and interpretation of a particular character, and of the external influences affecting it. My decided opinion is that we create our own future, be it great or feeble. Changes in life come chiefly from the influence of individualities to which our temperament exposes us, or from that exercised by our own individuality upon the lives of others—again a question of character and temperament.

Given certain characteristics, clearly defined by the formation and lines of the hand, a clever palmist will at once divine the sort of influences likely to prove paramount, and discover the kind of person on whom the individuality studied will gain a hold. As one of Laurence Oliphant's heroines said of her own peculiar powers: "No one can foresee the future. All that we can do, if we have a little more insight than our neighbours have yet attained, is to calculate probabilities with rather more accuracy."

EVELINE M. FORBES.

THE BEHRING SEA DISPUTE:

A SETTLEMENT.

"WAR with the United States over sealskins? How ridiculous!" "Fight the Britisher for a few seals? Why, that *is* nonsense." Such are the queries, such the replies on both sides of the Atlantic, consequent on recent announcements in the newspapers. These sensational announcements mean a definite amount of public excitement, even though those behind the scenes know full well that there is no possibility of these fleets fighting each other, whatever the probability of their having to aid one another.

It will be remembered that her Majesty the Queen, in proroguing Parliament last August, was advised to say: "I have offered to the President of the United States to submit to arbitration questions of difference that have arisen between us with respect to jurisdiction in Behring Sea." It will also be borne in mind, now that Parliament is again in Session, that both Lord Granville and Mr. Gladstone made it a leading criticism and complaint that in the Queen's Speech, opening the present Session in November, all reference to the Behring Sea was very conspicuous by its absence.

Of a truth the matter is one of urgency, and even of danger, and for this reason among others. As all the world knows, there are certain islands, the Commander and the Pribelov groups, in the North Pacific, where the valued fur-seal breeds annually, the only places now remaining in the known world where they breed in any numbers. On these islands it is estimated that from 12,000,000 to 15,000,000 seals land, or "haul out" each year; and on these islands, nowadays, something like 200,000 are scientifically sorted and killed each

year, with the object of protecting the lungs of, and giving comfort to, the mothers, wives, and sisters of civilised countries.

For some nine months of the year, the seals which haul out on these islands cruise over many thousand square miles of ocean, seeking the great abundance of fish food necessary for their sustenance. Enterprising men cruise at sea to catch such of these seals as they can, and last year they brought ashore more than 40,000 skins. These "pelagic sealers" are chiefly fitted out and manned in British Columbia, but an increasing number are owned in American ports, such as San Francisco, Portland, Seattle, and Tacoma, while some already appear flying the German and Japanese flags. The records of this pelagic sealing industry have been as follows:

Year. Season.	Number of Vessels.		Sealskins landed.
	British.	Other (probable).	
1885	4	5	15,000
1886	12	5	30,955
1887	18	11	29,211
1888	19	6	32,528
1889	23	11	36,998
1890	29	10	43,779

It will be seen that the industry is recent in origin, and in process of very rapid growth. Last season, as I myself learned from the hunters in British Columbia, the weather was altogether against the industry. The method of procedure is for a schooner, of from 100 to 200 tons, to cruise wherever seals are seen, and send out hunters in boats and canoes, who harpoon or shoot the seals as they lie dozing on the surface. It is obviously essential to such "fishing" that the water be smooth and the weather clear. This season has been remarkable for a succession of gales and fogs, and yet every hunter owns to the fact that never within memory have so many seals been seen.

At the same time the market price for sealskins has risen from a rough average of, say, 7dol. in 1889, to 10dol. in 1890.

One consequence is already recognised. Already a great increase of men and vessels are preparing to follow this industry next season. The authorities are therefore not unnaturally anxious if

only in regard to the police of these seas. The vessels are very numerously manned with hardy armed men engaged in an adventurous pursuit, and, although up till now they have behaved with admirable moderation, there is no knowing how far increased competition, inspired by greed, and with an infusion of new nationalities, may lead to open quarrel, and so to what Mr. Gladstone would probably term "warlike operations of a private character," which might gravely impair international relations.

Thus the authorities of the British Empire, no less than those of the United States, may be called upon this next summer to assert the strong hand of authority in the North Pacific; and for this reason alone it would be well if mutual agreement could be come to among the Powers interested as to action in common to preserve to their subjects their just rights and interests in this important industry.

It is, incidentally, matter of much satisfaction to British interests to notice that, thanks to the loyal enterprise of the Canadians, backed by the patriotic "Imperial" action of Lord Salisbury and Mr. Goschen, in the early spring of 1891 there will be placed on the Northern Pacific three 19-knot mail steamers, built and equipped to become at a moment's notice armed cruisers or transports, and running their ordinary great circle course right through these sealing areas. The influence of this notable step forward in promoting British interests in the North Pacific is seen, by this object lesson, to be of immediate and substantial value. It is also hoped that similar action this year will place three or four more such vessels on the route between Vancouver and Australia, thereby establishing additional influence and prestige for British interests over the middle Pacific.

As for the actual danger of war with the United States, there are older men who, with a warning shake of the head, remind us of the slight pretexts on which wars have broken out before, and at first sight they certainly appear to have history on their side. But these sage prophets forget two points, the one old and the other new.

The old abiding fact is that there never is war without a big reason, however small the pretext. The grain of sand only makes

a mountain because of the action of the overwhelming forces of nature. Some great cause or some great principle is at stake in every case. It may be one of sentimental, it may be one of very material connotation. It may be, indeed often is, to adopt Bastiat's economic allegory, in the category of "things not seen" by the public. But in either case it must have, in actuality, widespread and deep roots in the two peoples whom it takes to make a war.

Where, then, is the great cause, where the great principle, behind this Behring Sea dispute? The industry defended by the American Government represents the profits, mostly accruing to British citizens, which a company obtains by renting from the State certain seal-breeding islands and paying a certain royalty on all sealskins taken. For the past few years the annual receipts by the State have averaged a little over £50,000, while the market value of the 100,000 skins obtained has certainly not exceeded £200,000. The industry incidentally defended by the British Government represents the profits obtained on taking sealskins, which, on the unprecedentedly large catch of last season, only amounted to a gross value of £100,000. Nor is it probable that these catches could be more than doubled without serious risk to the industry by partial extirpation of the "seal nation."

It is true, however, that incidentally a great principle seems to be involved, viz., that of the right of a nation to control or own the *fructus* of the high seas outside what are ordinarily regarded as territorial waters. But in this particular case this principle happens to resolve itself into mere interpretations of events and writings in diplomatic history. It is not a claim to a right but an assertion that this right is, in this particular instance, modified by previous diplomatic action. Happily this is the substance of that portion of the question which both Mr. Blaine and Lord Salisbury have agreed could be determined by arbitration.

It may be well to note that there are those who aver that the American people are still pervaded by a big sentimental cause for war in jealousy or hatred of the Britisher. I venture roundly to assert, on a not inconsiderable experience of American opinions *in situ*, that whatever truth there may have been in such an asser-

tion in years gone by, nowadays the great mass of the American people, and especially the true Americans, born and bred, entertain the very reverse of such ideas. These *bonâ fide* Americans are proud, justly proud, of their great country, their great achievements, their great industries; and they feel that for them to entertain or show jealousy of the British Empire would be a confession that this proper national pride of theirs rests on foundations inferior to those on which the British superstructure is raised. It is true that electioneering exigencies, especially in some of the big cities and where alien immigrants have not yet imbibed true American ideas, give a superficial popularity to anti-British talk. It is also true that with all Americans it is popular to talk big as well as to act big. But beyond this there is no body of sentiment in the United States burning to avenge itself on the Britisher—still less to do so by means of a fratricidal war.

But these older points, still subsisting in the United States, are, there especially, controlled by a newer development. In recent years there has, without shadow of doubt, taken place a steady growth of opinion, deep-rooted and widespread, in both British and American peoples, that between two nations so indispensable to each other, so closely knit in origin, kinship, interests, and aspirations, war is and remains impossible. The great majority in each nation regard the Alabama settlement as a charter of rights for both peoples which no Government of either can afford to disregard. It is a charter for the settlement of all disputes between the two nations which no Government of either would be permitted to ignore. Mr. Gladstone's brilliant action has set up this happy bond between the two nations, and to this bond, even in this present case, both Administrations look for a settlement of the points in dispute.

It is surprising that, with such ideas undoubtedly dominating both nations, so trifling a *causa rixæ* should have so long been permitted to survive. A brief historical view of the case will, however, explain much. In the end of the last century and beginning of the present the pursuit of the fur-seal proved to be highly profitable. The seals were to be found in great abundance on the islands in cold seas which they frequented for breeding purposes. The sealers of those days hailed from

Europe and the east coast of North America; they sailed away down the Atlantic and devoted all their energies to the vast seal nations they found along the southern shores of America and Africa and on the islands of the great Southern Ocean. We have full record of the millions upon millions of fur-seal seen and slaughtered on these islands. Mr. Blaine has published most interesting evidence of this episode, showing that, in round numbers between the years 1790 and 1830 at least 15,000,000 seals are known to have been killed on these various islands—Mas-a-fuera, South Shetland, Crozet, Kerguelan, &c. He also shows clearly that this wholesale slaughter on the breeding places had the effect of practically exterminating the whole seal nation of those seas.

In the meantime, enterprising Russians, crossing from Siberia to Alaska, soon discovered the valuable fur-seals breeding in the North Pacific. There are records that even in the last century they sought the autocratic aid of their Government to preserve this industry for themselves. But American and British vessels penetrated to these seas, and in 1822 we have an American whaler, the *Pearl*, seized and condemned by the Russians; just as in 1887 it has happened that the Americans seized and condemned a British vessel. The Americans at once protested and Russia promptly made full restitution. By the year 1830 the seals of the Southern Ocean were practically exterminated, and whalers hailing from Bristol and Boston and other Atlantic ports of Europe and North America came cruising in Behring Sea, and promptly turned some of their attention to seals. The British and American Governments from 1820 onwards pursued a policy of vigorous and successful protest against the claims of Russia to exclusive rights of fishing and trading in these seas. British and American whalers as a consequence began to frequent these seas in search of whales and of walrus for "ivory."

Up to this date the only recognised method of sealing was to land on some breeding place and kill the seals required. To capture seals at sea, except on rare occasions, was thought as little practicable or profitable in Behring Sea as it would be now in the North Atlantic by the Newfoundland hair-seal hunters. But the breeding places in the North Pacific were few, and they soon came to be very jealously guarded by Russian occupiers. These latter, however, from

time to time slaughtered indiscriminately, while at other times they enforced strict protective regulations. Altogether, the numbers of the fur-seal continued moderate. As years rolled on, and probably in part because of the exhaustion of the great stock of furs acquired in the South Seas, more and more attention was paid to the fur-seal in the North Pacific by the lucky owners of the breeding islands.

All this while it had been customary for the so-called "Indians" along the American coast, from San Francisco northwards up to Sitka, to capture fur-seals. The Indians knew that the seals migrated northwards along these coasts in the early part of each year. At various points, such as Cape Flattery, Barclay Sound, and the Charlotte Islands, a great many were taken. Indeed, all along these shores the Indians seldom allowed a seal to "haul out" but it was harpooned. Seal pups, all travellers report, were not only ordinary household or "wigwam" pets, but also a favourite article of food. Then ensued a period when the fur acquired a market value. In 1846 the great Hudson's Bay Company had set up their authority, and from their fort at Victoria controlled the fur trade of the northerly Pacific slope. The Indians brought in sealskins, and reported that on Vancouver Island in April and May female seals came ashore to bring forth their young, while the elder males travelled rapidly to the north, and were followed later on by droves of frisky "bachelors."

In the year 1867 the Government of the United States, in spite of half-hearted opposition in Congress, purchased Alaska from Russia. Very speedily American enterprise took hold of the fur-seal industry, and the great breeding grounds of the Pribelov Islands became the objects of active aggression. Roving sealing vessels at once "marauded" on the islands; two rival factions, armed and resolute, actually landed and contended for possession, ultimately making terms with one another, and between them taking over the islands on lease from the Government.

In 1872 we made a first appeal to the Federal Authorities for protection against marauders, and we had the regretful but final reply of the Treasury of the United States that no Government action was possible outside the three mile limit.

Excellent regulations were now introduced for the protection of

the seals and right ordering of such killing as was necessary on the islands. These regulations were made, in common with others, for the territory of Alaska "and waters thereof," and "the islands of St. Paul and St. George and waters adjacent thereto." So far as the "rookeries" were concerned, these wise measures resulted in a marked increase in the numbers of the seals frequenting them. Harassed and in danger of slaughter by the Indians all along the coast, the seal nation came to find practically undisturbed breeding quarters on the Pribelov Islands, where they came to land in the end of June, remaining till October. Then they went off south for months in search of food, reappearing off the American coast, about San Diego, in December. By the month of April they were off Cape Flattery, and in May were to be found along the shores of Vancouver Island, reaching the Pribelov Islands again by the end of June.

The consequent increase in numbers duly attracted the attention of the whalers cruising up to Behring Straits. The catching of seals at sea, hitherto a mere incident, now became a main business, and in a few years vessels came to be fitted out for the sole purpose of catching seals at sea. Such an innovation at once alarmed the proprietors of the breeding islands, and they promptly used their best endeavours to scotch the movement in its inception. At the first they endeavoured to prevent raids on or close to the breeding islands. In 1881 fresh appeals were made to the United States Treasury, and warnings were issued against breach of the regulations in Alaska or "the waters thereof," and the idea was permitted to grow that this latter phrase included all these seas.

In 1884 the British schooner *Mary Ellen*, and the *Favourite* in 1885, had successful seasons with the seals; in 1886 twelve "sealers" were fitted out in Victoria. In 1886, also, the world was startled to learn that three British vessels had been seized, a long way out on the open sea, forty to seventy miles from any land; carried captive into the port of Sitka, and condemned with fines, and even with imprisonment for the captains and officers.

That autumn I visited the Pacific coast and heard the interesting and somewhat heated arguments, at first hand, both of the company renting the islands and also of the "pelagic" sealers, whether

of American nationality, hailing from San Francisco or neighbouring ports, or of British nationality, hailing from Victoria. It appeared to me at the time that the matter could then be very easily settled, as it was a mere squabble within the four corners of a limited industry. I endeavoured in the Press and in Parliament, and by representation to the Government, to urge such a course with the view of preventing the growth of future complications. But the Government of the day had its hands full with its abortive scheme of Home Rule for Ireland; the golden opportunity was allowed to slip by, and time rapidly added to the difficulties and embittered the disputes. The following year there were sixteen seizures. My next effort was to secure that this question should be included in the Fisheries Conference, so ably conducted on our behalf by Mr. Chamberlain and Sir Charles Tupper. I pointed out that on the Atlantic the United States denied to Canada fishery rights within the usual limits of territorial waters, but that on the Pacific the United States claimed exclusive fishery rights extending one hundred miles from the coast line; and that thus the two claims, on Atlantic and Pacific, virtually balanced each other, and could best be settled together. But other counsels prevailed; the Behring Sea question was withdrawn from the Conference, a truce for the 1888 season in Behring Sea being the only and, of course, temporary result.

In 1889 more seizures were made; but in 1890 a voluntary cessation of hostilities accompanied an active renewal of negotiations. Two Conferences took place, the one in London, the other in Washington; and although no tangible results came of them, the ground was cleared and the door left open to some lasting settlement. Above all, both sides agreed to arbitration in principle. No agreement has yet been come to as to the specific points to be thus referred, but both are agreed that the point in dispute is the right in International Law as conditioned by treaty engagements.

More recently a definite step has been taken by the owners of one of the first vessels seized. This is in the form of a motion before the Supreme Court of the United States for a Writ of Prohibition, that is to say, for an order from the Supreme Court to the

Court of Alaska to annul its proceedings in condemning vessels arrested outside the three mile limit. When I was in British Columbia in 1888 there was great talk of simple appeal to the Supreme Court for review of the judgment of the inferior court. But it was supposed that no appeal could lie owing to an omission in the Act of Congress constituting the territory of Alaska. In such case the American Constitution would be shown to have failed to provide for the supremacy of the Federal Power over a great area of United States territory. Such an error could be remedied by Congress in process of time. But for the moment a Writ of Prohibition seemed the only course open. Even this course is beset with difficulties, and will be opposed on such grounds as that the case is political and not legal; refers to the Constitution of Alaska and not to actual legal proceedings; is a matter for the Executive and not for the law courts. There is no doubt as to the decision that the Supreme Court would give if the question could be pleaded before them in its simplicity.

It is generally forgotten, however, that this question of seizure is, however great from an international point of view, a mere minor question to that of the industry itself. It is merely as to the lesser or greater extension of one State's authority over certain seas, but it does not affect and cannot affect the whole of those seas. If the American case were conceded to-morrow in its entirety it would merely mean that "pelagic" sealers would not be permitted to fish north of the Aleutian Islands. This means that they would miss *one-third* of their present catch. But they would remain absolutely free to prosecute by every means in their power the capture of seals at sea over all the ocean to the south of these islands, where already they obtain two-thirds of their catch.

The owners of the islands complain that the "pelagic" sealers necessarily lose nine out of every ten seals they kill, and that 90 per cent. of those they kill are females, mostly in pup. My careful local inquiries show both these complaints to be enormous exaggerations. But what I would here point out is that, in so far as they are true, in so far the owners of the Rookeries, by pressing the one claim of jurisdiction within Behring Sea, and making all to hinge thereon, will absolutely free and incite these "pelagic"

sealers to adopt even more vigorous methods of sealing than those in use at present. A cordon of sealing vessels in *échelon*, at the right moment, across the Unimack and other channels in the Aleutian Islands could capture or scare most of the seals journeying to the Pribelov Islands, and this without so much as entering Behring Sea.

As I have said, this question of jurisdiction *in* Behring Sea is altogether a minor question, and even if won by or conceded to the owners of the Rookeries would mean that free hand elsewhere to the "pelagic" sealers which might and would do far more injury to the whole industry than even the worst possibilities of the present indeterminate *régime*.

What I have insisted on is that, in the interests of all concerned, the question to be decided is industrial rather than political; the material issue is not what rights have each of the parties in international or conventional law, but rather, what means are necessary to ensure the continued prosperity of the industry. The "pelagic" sealers have undisputed and indisputable right over thousands of miles of ocean. The "shore" sealers have undisputed and indisputable right over the land and the waters adjacent thereto. The mere definition of a line of demarcation between the two, however interesting, does not settle the question of the preservation of the industry. What is needed is that all interested in this "fishery," whether they take their seals on land or at sea, should come together to determine what dangers or risks are now being run, and how they may be avoided in the future.

Some such settlement is becoming more than ever necessary now, seeing that the question is daily assuming international dimensions. It is no longer a mere family bickering between Yankee and Britisher; no longer a mere means of twisting the Bristish Lion's tail for electioneering purposes. Russia, with her important breeding islands, frequented by probably one-half of the seals that travel up the British Columbia coast; Japan, with lesser breeding grounds but an increasing number of sealing vessels; Germany, with her enterprising citizens fitting out sealers;—these and other nations are entering upon the field.

A sound general view must be taken. The area affected is wide.

Effectively to protect the industry one would have to include all the Pacific Ocean and coasts thereof to the north of, say, latitude 50deg. The territorial Powers are China, Japan, Russia, the United States, and the British Empire. Germany and other Powers are interested in the *usus* and *fructus* of these seas. The one complete remedy is International Agreement resulting in International Administration, with a view to the proper preservation of the fur-seal. We have an admirable and successful precedent in our own North Sea, where, outside of territorial waters, various matters of police, even to the retailing of spirituous liquors, are administered by an international executive and under laws set up by the mutual co-operation of all the States whose flags are to be found on the vessels engaged in those fisheries.

Such a settlement appeals to the common-sense of all concerned. Sufficient material points and facts in the "natural history" of the case have now been gathered together and placed on record; sufficient is known on which to base an international agreement. A conference of the five or six Powers interested could in four weeks, and well before the next fishing season opens in Behring Sea, next July, determine on the outlines of such international administration as should best preserve the rights and interests of all at present engaged in the industry. Indeed, the outlines of such a settlement have already been drafted, and are such as would completely safeguard the permanent interests both of the "pelagic" and the "shore" sealers. It is a common-sense settlement for the good of all concerned. It will, therefore, commend itself to the people of the United States, of Canada, and of the United Kingdom; and the Governments of these countries, as well as of Russia, Japan, and Germany will, without doubt, best realise the wishes and the interests of their peoples by securing such a common-sense settlement of this troublesome Behring Sea dispute.

GEORGE BADEN-POWELL.

A PARISIENNE IN IRELAND.

"GOING to Ireland? What can you possibly want to do there?" These are the sort of exclamations with which the plan of visiting the Emerald Isle is received when by any rare chance some traveller is found to entertain it. "Scotland, if you like; there are lakes there, and kilted Highlanders playing the bagpipes, and memories of Mary Stuart and Walter Scott. But Ireland!—a great potato-field, steeped in continual mists, where Fenians and Moonlighters boycott you on every occasion, unless they knock you on the head at some turn of the road—what an extraordinary notion to go and travel in that land of savages!" I hear, in anticipation, the reader exclaiming, "How like the French to say such things!" And this serves him as the text for learned psychological dissertations upon the light-mindedness of my dear fellow countrymen, their distaste for travel that diverges from the beaten track, their indifference and ignorance in regard to everything that goes on outside their own borders. I do not deny all this. I will only say that British opinion, which ought to be better instructed, does not seem to me to be materially different on this point from that which prevails on the other side of the Channel. In my innocence, I expected to learn from my friends in London those details about Ireland which were not to be learned in Paris. I gained no better information from them. The island ironically called "sister" seems to be more foreign to them than China, and their predominant feelings appeared to me to be those of profound contempt for the conquered race, of absolute hopelessness as to the possibility of that assimilation which has been sought for these seven hundred years, and, together with these, a firm resolve to give up the game, which was lost from

the beginning, but which national pride compels them to play to the end, however heavy may be the sacrifices entailed.

Finding these answers unsatisfactory, I gave up inquiring of fashionable people and turned to politicians. These, I thought, ought to know a nation whose fate has constantly occupied so many generations of statesmen. I was mistaken. They stunned me with contradictory facts, with obscure statistics, and with social and economic considerations of no practical value; and in this chaos I was lost, until the day when I thought I saw that the Irish difficulty was a Parliamentary bludgeon whose blows each party draws upon itself, a two-edged weapon which each in turn snatches from the hands of the other, not without cut fingers. And here I must remark that I purposely make no reference to the recent split which has divided the Irish party. I confine my remarks to the permanent aspect of the question. An important lesson which I learned in my intercourse with British legislators about Ireland was that Home Rulers and Unionists are agreed on one point, which in itself is a good deal for two opposing parties. In the bottom of their hearts—often unacknowledged to themselves—they have all of them a lively contempt for the Celtic race, even those who, either for the sake of party interests or from a sense of justice, make themselves its champions. The reason of this is that the English people are very proud because they are very strong; and their strength justifies this immense pride, so far as pride can ever be justified. Now, the proud are apt to be contemptuous, and it is not possible to judge those fairly whom we despise, for we do not give ourselves the trouble of trying to understand them.

What I have just said is not universally true. There is a class of English people—a numerous class, and by no means one of the least to be respected—in which I observe no trace of this sense of proud superiority and disdainful antipathy: I mean the philanthropists and the humanitarians. But then, it seems to me that these ran into the other extreme. From the fact that the Irish, being conquered, are unhappy, they drew conclusions so unfavourable to the conquerors that I feared they allowed themselves to be led astray by their generosity, which is a feeling that blinds us even more completely than party spirit. I am so presumptuous as to

distrust politicians, and I regret that I distrust philanthropists even more. Life is essentially a brutal thing, and if in theory it is easy to organise a new golden age, it is in fact so impracticable that those generous Utopians who make this insoluble problem their study have always seemed to me to be wasting their time and their trouble. Not wishing to squander mine, I very quickly gave up their society and set myself to consult the historians and economists. The impression left on me by these studies was that the drama which for centuries has been enacting at the extreme West of Europe is the most painful, and for that very reason the most enthralling, of those historic mysteries which one cannot examine without experiencing emotions of deep pity and vast astonishment. In short, my curiosity, directed at first only to the picturesque, ended by fixing itself also upon psychological problems, and even upon political questions, though I had been firmly resolved beforehand to keep these out of my way as hateful encumbrances. It was in this temper that I embarked at Holyhead, and thus it was that a pleasure-seeker's trip into a country of unknown beauties was turned into a student's journey among a nation which is but little known, although so much attention is paid to its affairs.

Filled with the laudable desire of learning about Ireland what France does not know, and understanding about it what England misinterprets, my first aim was to cast off all those ready-made opinions on the subject which I had read and heard. This was all the easier, because they absolutely contradicted one another. The intention of trusting only to one's own judgment is not so presumptuous as it appears. When we actually behold two intellects of equal rank—two individuals of equal authority at absolute odds upon one point, and supporting their doctrines by facts which destroy each other—on which side should the disinterested observer who means to be impartial stand? "Do not believe a word of what the Nationalists and the Home Rulers say," cry the landlords and the Unionists at one ear. "Don't put any faith in the statements of the Unionists and the landlords," whisper the Home Rulers and the Nationalists at the other. As I have no reason to suppose that the United Kingdom is solely peopled, like Crete of old, with impostors, I made up my mind to go myself, resolutely, without guide

or helper, in search of Truth, who here seems to hide her naked self and her mirror in a deeper well than elsewhere. Let the reader pardon me, then, if sometimes I go astray, for it will be to my over-sincerity that he must attribute my errors.

If I gave way to my inclination I should devote the space kindly granted me in this REVIEW to pages of description. But here is the thing that—very fortunate for the reader—stops an outburst of descriptive enthusiasm. Politics, odious politics, which I was resolved to leave behind me, have contrived, against my will, to creep into my luggage, and they bite at my heel, like serpents as they are, spoiling my enjoyment and casting a black veil round these eyes of mine that were so enraptured with outside things. These bays, which could easily contain squadrons of war and fleets of merchantmen, are empty and deserted. Those large water-ways which give access far inland are just as empty. I followed the course of the Blackwater a whole day and met two shabby flat boats carrying planks, and one little decked vessel fast in the mud.

In the country I found the same torpor. Excepting the rich pastures of the counties of Limerick, Cork, Tipperary, and Carlow, the fine plain of the Curragh, which is Crown property, and some districts of the counties of Wicklow and Dublin, I scarcely saw a trace of cultivation. No doubt in all countries the mountainous districts are, agriculturally speaking, poor; but in France and Switzerland there are abundance of cattle, while here none are to be found. A few horned cattle—small-sized black or brown cows—and tiny flocks of long-fleeced sheep, very well-looking, but far too few in number; now and again one of those excellent Irish horses which one would like to see bred on a large scale; then, thin goats, numbers of donkeys, and pigs, black, white and hairy. Limerick hams and Cork butter! What would become of Ireland without these two products, by which three-fourths of her population live, or, at least, are kept from dying?

Yet do not let us be too hard on this poor Irish country. It is not rich, but it gives readily what it has, and those who live on it could get on somehow or other if things were as they are

elsewhere. But we traverse considerable stretches of country where the fields are lying fallow, where not even cattle are grazing. Is it for lack of hands to cultivate them? If so, what are these ragged people doing who watch us, pipe in mouth, as we pass? As we look closer we see that the scattered houses in this desert are in ruins; you might suppose, to see these crumbling walls and broken roofs, that fire had passed over the land. But look closer yet; you will see that the doors and windows are carefully walled up or closed with planks. Remember, traveller, you are in Ireland; you are crossing the scene of evictions. These are the lands of Lord Lansdowne—Luggacurren, in Queen's County—where four square miles have gone out of cultivation; of Lord Kenmare, in the county of Kerry; the Ponsonby estate in Cork; the Smith-Barry estate in Clare; the Vandeleur estate, Lord Clanricarde's estate, and so forth. To complete the picture of a country corner in this green Erin we must fill in groups of police, posted in the open fields; constables charged with the duty of enforcing respect for the law in this land, and clothed in a mourning livery judiciously appropriate to their sad task. Their business, strange to say, is not, as logic might demand, to protect the fruits of the earth against malefactors, but to prevent peaceful citizens from cultivating that earth. Assuredly this is the only country in the world where an armed force is employed upon so extraordinary a piece of work. "Cosas de España," they say in Spain to the stranger who is amazed at the national peculiarities; "Cosas de Hibernia" might be a fair reply of the children of the Emerald Isle to the traveller who is drowning in the Irish ink-bottle.

When we think that each of these humble roofs, now ruined, gave shelter to eight, ten, or a dozen human beings who used to live, better or worse, upon this poor earth which to-day produces nothing, and that this was their only resource, we can understand how it is that the first appearance of any Irish agglomeration, city, town, or hamlet, is like that of a Cour des Miracles. Whoever has not visited this land has no real notion of what distress is. I have been into cabins inhabited by farmers who were, comparatively speaking, well off, and the very poorest French peasant would scorn them. As to the dwellings of the indigent, they are sheds, and sheds not

weather-proof. I have been inside a hovel about the size of a Newfoundland dog's kennel, which was built of heaped-up dry stones, with a thatched roof that let in the rain so that the floor of untródden earth was kept in a state of mud. On a flat flagstone smouldered some lumps of peat, the thick and acrid smoke filling the fetid atmosphere, while some nameless brew bubbled in a saucepan. A heap of indescribable rags, lying on a couple of rotten planks, served for a bed. Am I describing the hut of an Eskimo, or the wigwam of Terra-del-Fuegans, the most degraded of human races? No; this is the dwelling of a Michael O'Connor, a Patrick Murphy, or a Daniel O'Sullivan and his wife, citizens of the free, rich, powerful, and haughty British Empire, subjects of her Gracious Majesty the Queen of England and Empress of India. And let no one say, on the other hand, that this is an accident, an exception. I thought it was, that day; but I have seen others since, not worse, for that is impossible, but as miserable, or very nearly.

This frightful misery devours beautiful, unhappy Ireland like some vile cancer, and is visible everywhere. It bursts forth in the finest quarters of Dublin. It is a spectre haunting the traveller, and, however little inclined you may be to tenderness, you feel your heart melting in overwhelming sadness at the thought that millions of your fellows are thus crawling in abject woe. You cease to see the beauties of the country and behold only its pains. Ireland is a heap of ruins. Ruined abbeys, ruined castles, picturesque in their ivied coverings, where the ancient tenants sleep their endless sleep beneath the funereal flagstones on which we tread—Celtic thanes, Norman knights, hermit saints, scholars, monks, prelates, and mitred abbots. Ruined houses, whose inhabitants, no longer able to find a livelihood on their native soil, have gone to seek their bread across the seas; like those fine lads, broad-shouldered and strong-armed, whom I saw from my window wandering sadly in the streets, accompanied by their mothers and sisters, who were spending with them their last day in Erin, for on the morrow they were to embark in the steamer moored in the bay. Ruins of manufactures which have died out for want of custom; ruins of industrial establishments; of mines or quarries, stopped short for want of outlets; ruins of quays and ports and harbours, built at great cost to

receive ships that have never come because there are no exports from this country—save human flesh and blood—and still less any imports, because money to buy is lacking as much as products to sell; ruins of manor houses and modern mansions, whose owners, also ruined, can no longer keep up their walls and their roofs. This island is a vast battlefield, devastated by centuries of warfare and disorder; and, to add to the resemblance, great flocks of crows soar above the wreckage. I never saw so many crows as I saw here.

What, then, is this unhappy nation? will be asked by those who may read these lines, in which whoever knows Ireland will agree, I hope, that there is no exaggeration. One only exaggerates, sincerely or not, in the interest of some cause; and I have no cause to defend, being free from any spirit of party, and from any preconceived idea. Is this, then, a race of brutes? There is no need of any long stay in Ireland to know the Irishman, for he is open and expansive, and willingly reveals himself. Devout and hospitable, gay and generous, robust and brave, of quick and subtle mind, with gifts for battle and for eloquence, honest and chaste, enduring, light of heart, and easy tempered, he would seem to have all that is necessary for happiness. No doubt he has his vices. He is industrious by fits, but fond of idling, and lacks inventiveness in his work; perhaps, as Swift remarked 150 years ago, he often stands with his arms folded, because he has nothing to do. He is a gossip, a gamester, fond of pleasure: these are faults common to people of amiable temper. He drinks too much whisky—I admit it; but does it become the English to reproach him with intemperance? Moreover, if he had shoes on his feet and good food in his stomach, he would doubtless not seek warmth and comfort in "mountain dew," as he poetically calls the horrid *potheen* which is his food and his consolation. He is passionate, quarrelsome, turbulent, and mobile; easily depressed as well as easily moved to enthusiasm; better endowed with feeling than with reason. So be it. But these peculiarities of disposition, which give to the Irish Celt so marked a family likeness to his Gallic cousins, have not prevented the latter from succeeding pretty well in the struggle for existence. Must his misfortunes be attributed to his ignorance? Yet at every step we come upon national schools, which, with the

churches, priests' houses, and constabulary barracks, are the only buildings of decent appearance to be seen in the country districts. And these schools have no lack of scholars; all their doors are crowded by flocks of ragged youngsters, with bright, intelligent faces. Can it, then, be the religion which stands in the way of the country's prosperity? In France and Belgium—to speak of those two countries only—the Romish creed is professed by the majority of the inhabitants, and yet these are certainly flourishing countries. It may indeed be remarked with truth that in Ireland the Protestant districts are more industrious, and consequently more prosperous, than the Catholic districts; but there may, perhaps, be a simple explanation of that in the fact that the Protestant population is generally of English or Scotch origin: that is to say, it forms a part of the conquering race, and long held exclusive possession of influence, privilege, and power. This observation, far from leading me to take part against the Irish, has brought me to the opposite conclusion. I remember all that history tells of the tyranny practised in this country by victorious England, and of the brutal persecution to which the conquered were subjected, no less on account of their faith than of their race. I remember how, since the day—whose memory neither Albion nor Erin has cause to bless—when Strongbow and the Geraldines landed at Waterford, sent to the sack of Ireland by Henry II., who wanted to get rid of a turbulent and pillaging set of knights—since that day, I say, Ireland has been the milch cow of England.

I might write volumes on the subject, merely by quoting what the most illustrious English statesmen, historians, and economists have said. But to what end? So much has been said, from Lord Bacon down to Lord Salisbury, and everybody has read Carlyle and Macaulay, Froude and Lecky, Stuart Mill and all those others, the mere enumeration of whose names would more than fill one of these pages. I might recall the cruel words of Wellington, who said at the time of the great famine of 1848, on the subject of the repeal of the corn laws, to which that calamity had led: "What a fuss about a few rotten potatoes." Did not this same Iron Duke, when he was called Irish because Dublin was his birthplace, answer with equal insolence and wit: "Does it make a man a horse to have

been born in a stable?" But why should I go on? I should teach the reader nothing that he does not know. Nor is he ignorant that serious and sincere efforts have been made by English Governments, both Liberal and Conservative, to repair the faults and iniquities of the past. But, though it is true that recrimination has never done any good, it does not become those who have committed all the wrongs to say so. To knock people on the head with sticks, and then, while they are still bruised, to say to them: "My friends, do not recriminate; now we are going to repair all the wrong that we have done you, and so you must bear us no malice," is not a proceeding that is in good taste. Yet this is how John Bull acts towards Paddy. But, do what he will, he will not easily wipe out the recollection of seven centuries of violence and tyranny. His sincere but belated desire for a reconciliation will meet with some difficulty in disarming the bitterness of the vanquished; and really we must not be much surprised, still less must we reproach Ireland with biting the hand that binds her wounds, when that hand is the same that caused them.

The day which brought this conviction to my mind brought calmness to it too. The terrible Irish problem, so full of difficulties that even to try to state all its elements would be like attempting to put the sea into a bottle, was suddenly reduced to a proposition of singular simplicity. I left off listening to the complaints of the tenants, often oppressed, but sometimes impostors; I shut my ears to those of the landlords, some of whom are tyrants and some victims of a situation which they have not brought about. I no longer cared to know whether rents were excessive, land commissions partial, or coercion brutal. I no longer tried to determine whether the Nationalist agitators are patriots and heroes, apostles and, perchance, martyrs, in the cause of justice and liberty; or whether they are ambitious and crafty persons acting without any scruples *ad majorem Hiberniæ gloriam*, and aiming principally at making provision for themselves out of those constitutional rights which they claim. I ceased to ask myself whether the work of the National League is fruitful or sterile, guilty or laudable. I had no further wish to examine whether the Plan of Campaign, boycotting, and obstruction were disloyal or allowable.

The accumulation of Blue-books, the make-believe of Parliamentary debates, philanthropic tirades, philosophical dissertations, legal subtleties, all the waste paper of the Parnell Commission, the polemics of the Press—all of this went up in mist and vapour, to condense at last into the following conclusion.

There are no duties more sacred than those of a conqueror. Now, for centuries, England has failed in these duties towards Ireland. On the other hand, wounds that have been allowed to become poisoned will no longer close, and the worst thing about long-standing iniquities is that they become irreparable, or at least can only be cured by new injustice or by violent means. This it is which has caused all revolutions. England, more fortunate than she has been at some periods, has at her disposal a legal means for relaxing an excessively strained situation. It pleased her to seize Ireland—that was the right of conquest which even to-day is the *ultima ratio* of international questions. Very well. But the right of conquest, in itself a barbarous and immoral thing, can only be justified by its results. Now the results in this case are deplorable. For seven centuries English and Irish have, as the Arabs say, boiled in the same saucepan, and they still make different soups. This experiment has lasted long enough: we must try something else. Since the most illustrious statesmen, of a country which is justly famed above all others for its political genius, fall into a slough directly they touch Irish ground, let them give up the attempt. A strong nation which takes charge of a weaker nation should act towards it like a good father towards his children; if not, it should be deposed from its rights as a conqueror, just as an indifferent or cruel father should be from his parental rights. Well, what has England made of the conquered country? What I have just beheld is cruel evidence. Let the England of to-day pay the debts of that past whose inheritance she has accepted. To grant to the Irish that Home Rule which they demand will be an act of good policy as well as of justice. Interest accords with generosity. If the Irish show themselves incapable of self-government, they will be judged in the sight of the world and condemned according to their deserts. It will be proved then that England was right and she will triumph. If, on the contrary, they

succeed in bringing prosperity to their native land, British strength and dignity will not be diminished—far from it. This will be, it is true, a confession on England's part of incapacity, or at least of error. But no one is infallible, and the shorter a folly the better. Now, this has lasted seven hundred years! The worst folly of all is to persist for vanity's sake. When a horse obstinately resists some obstacle it is wiser to take him home to the stable than to break his legs. England has to make one of those concessions which if they had been made in time would have spared Governments many revolutions and peoples many woes. Home Rule does not involve Separation. It is not a question of replacing the Union Jack now floating over the Viceregal palace by a green standard with a golden harp, under whose folds should dwell, in a new hall of Tara, a descendant of the giant Conn of the Hundred Battles, or Fingal the Subtle. The desire is to unite the countries in reality as now they are united by an empty formula. Will it not be a great gain for England when the motto of Erin's children shall no longer be, as it is to-day, "God save Ireland!"—a cry of war and defiance—but this cry of gladness and loyalty, "God save the United Kingdom!"?

DE BOVET.

THE INDIAN RISING.

AT the beginning of this century the country of the Sioux Indians was that portion of the United States lying between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains north of the 40th parallel of latitude. Their domain extended beyond our limits and into the possessions of Great Britain on the north. It was drained by the great Missouri River and its many tributaries. Their reserved lands have been made smaller and smaller, until, after omitting several detached portions, about 30,000 Sioux Indians inhabited one tract of country called the "Sioux Reservation," which contained a little more than 35,000 square miles, or 20,000,000 acres.

This is a grass-covered, rolling prairie country, with timber only along the creeks and rivers. The soil is usually alluvial and all the streams cut deep ravines, therefore the country is much broken. In places, apparently, underlying deposits of coal have been formed in ages past, and such portions are called "bad lands," being very rough and almost without vegetation.

Some twenty-five years ago, to distinguish between Indians raiding or hostile and Indians merely hunting, reservations were established. That now occupied by the Sioux is what remains of the land then allotted to them by a treaty with some of their bands. The reservation itself has been several times reduced, the United States being the purchaser of the portion surrendered.

When the buffalo became extinct, and other game scarce, it was necessary to furnish the Indians with clothing and food, or put them into a condition of self-support. The emergency was too sudden for the latter, so that the feeding and clothing were accomplished by collecting them in groups at several points in their vast domain,

under the care of civil agents charged with this work, and also with their instruction in the peaceful arts.

There are now five Sioux agencies, between one and two hundred miles from each other, viz., Standing Rock, Cheyenne River, Brule, Rosebud, and Pine Ridge.

At each of these agencies there are two distinctive classes of Indians, the progressive and those who resist progress, *i.e.*, the reactionary. The progressive are willing to till the land, live honestly, and are, more or less, Christianised. The reactionary are as one would suppose, at all times subject to excitement and delighting from youth to age in war and pillage. They have habitually made raids and forays against other Indians, with now and then a hostile expedition against the white men in their neighbourhood. Over these latter spirits, Sitting Bull exercised his power, instanced in the war with General Terry, which resulted in the bloody massacre of Custer and his cavalry during the summer of 1876. What has been called the "Messiah" craze was taken advantage of by Sitting Bull and other medicine men like him to divide the Indians, still more excite them to intense enthusiasm, and so have them ready to carry out his peculiar machinations. Doubtless, Sitting Bull's death, resulting as it did in a fierce combat on the spot, had no immediate effect to pacify the wilder Sioux; it rather increased the terror of the timid, and infuriated those who were already intoxicated by the weird dancing.

Sitting Bull was combative, and possessed great power of endurance and an unusual amount of diplomatic tact. He was a dangerous character, and probably his death will in the end be a benefit to all the Indians in the country, and certainly to the settlers of South Dakota and Nebraska.

There are a few further facts which may give a clear idea of the situation. At one of the agencies—namely, the Pine Ridge—a report to Washington, of April 7th, 1890, says: "In former years this agency was allowed 5,000,000lb. of beef. This year it has been reduced to 4,000,000lb. The Indians were not prepared for this change; no instructions had been given the agent that 1,000,000lb. of beef would be cut off from the Indians

this year, consequently issues were made from the beginning of the fiscal year, July 1st, 1889, until the date of the final delivery of beef, October 15th, 1889, on the basis of 5,000,000lb. for the year. This necessitated a large reduction in the beef issued afterwards to catch up with the amount, and came at just the worst season of the year." This report was official. The object of the reduction of rations on the part of Congress has uniformly been to oblige the Indians to increased industry and more active provision for their own wants. Certainly this explanation was due to the agent and to the Indians at a very early date. The same report further alleges another important fact relating to the Government Commissioners, who last year went to them to negotiate a further reduction of their reservation. The report says: "Their enforced absence, attending the Sioux Commission, caused them to lose all they had planted by the stock breaking in on their farms, and destroying everything that they had. They have been compelled to kill their private stock during the winter to keep from starving, and in some cases have been depredating upon the stock of white people living near the line of the reservation."

The report, near its close, had a significant paragraph: "Men will take desperate measures sooner than suffer from hunger. Not much work can be expected with the present feeling; the Indians who advocate signing (away their lands) are now laughed at and blamed for being fooled. They do not get even their former rations, and ask where all the promises are that were made. The Government must keep faith as well as the Indians."

This early report, now emphasised by the events of the last few months, would doubtless have been an ample warning could the consequences of delay have been foreseen. The field was so vast that a mistake like this at a single agency then (in April) appeared a small matter, to be regarded, perhaps, as only a spur to more persistent efforts for self-support.

It is some time since I had much to do with the Indian tribes that have centred at the Cheyenne River, Pine Ridge, or Rosebud agencies, but I have had much to do with many of the best, and some of the worst, of the Indian tribes.

First, as to the causes of such an outbreak as the one now in progress. If we consult either the reports that have been made to the War and Interior Departments, or our own experience of Indian wars, we find the causes of the trouble uniformly the same. They proceed primarily from the minds and hearts, as yet unchanged, of a large proportion in each tribe, where the outbreak comes, of savages—Indians—whose thoughts, whose manners and customs, and modes of living and government are not our manners and customs and modes of living.

One of the greatest friends of the Indians, and one of the best men of our time, Bishop Whipple, of Minnesota, said that in the work of converting, educating, and civilising the Indian, the efforts were more remunerative than among any other people. He is certainly right. But that work itself has thus far been but a drop, a fragment; not faithful, except in spots not continuous, and, in consequence of the errors of teachers, too often proceeding upon untrue and untenable theories.

Still, when the Nez Percé war broke out, both Catholic and Protestant separated themselves from the hostiles, and remained so to the end of that terrible conflict. Some, of course, took the red man's side. True enough; but it was not the rule. Christian Indians worked hard in council to prevent the war. They protected teachers, and escorted them with a large force for seventy miles to places of safety. They did not want, like many of our loyal Southern officers in 1861, to go out and fight against the non-treaty savages who went to war, for they were all Nez Percés, but they did often furnish us with guides and scouts.

And we notice the same conduct here among the Sioux of the North-West. The Santee Sioux, for example, are a quiet, orderly, well-behaved band. Many of them are sincere Christians, many are respectable farmers. They have good schools and churches; and if the reports are to be believed, they have none of them gone to war. The reason is that the majority of them are already *Christian* in their minds and hearts, in their manners and modes of living. Another Episcopal minister, Bishop Hare, of Dakota, to the north-west of the Santees, writes: "1,700 Sioux Indian communicants,

Sioux Indians contributing 3,000dol. annually for religious purposes."

He remarks further: "The very leaders of this disturbance which has alarmed the whole North-West, covered the better Indians with shame, brought scorn upon their essays into civilisation, robbed many of them of their hard-earned possessions, and exposed them to personal peril, should not be left at liberty hereafter to repeat their baneful operations."

Again he says: "The friendly Indians fear that in the event of any trouble their ponies will be taken from them, whether innocent or guilty." Here is a significant fact. "I have visited several agencies and have late news from all the Sioux Indian country, but I have yet to learn of a single case of insult, much less of violence, offered to any teacher or missionary in any of the fifty odd stations scattered all over the disturbed districts in South Dakota." This was before the death of Sitting Bull, the battle at Wounded Knee, and the attack at the Catholic mission not far from Pine Ridge. Still, the fact is patent that the Christian Indians, clergy and laity, have struggled hard against the terrible wildness that has recently stirred up the reactionary classes. There are more than 5,000 Christian Sioux, who, in spite of the influence of race prejudice, and misinterpretations of white men, have stood firmly to their choice of Christian and civilised ways; and I think good people the world over have no reason to be discouraged during this storm of heathenism. White men and women are led into a furore of enthusiasm often, and behold a Messiah coming *in propriâ personâ;* and they have at times done extravagant things at which the worldly world has jeered and laughed. Some Satanic agencies delight in raising up false Messiahs and false Christs, and good, well-disposed men are decried. The Pinte Indian who started his wild theory, and who is reported to have walked a thousand miles to carry it from tribe to tribe, was another false Messiah. He pretended to miraculous power, he submitted, ostensibly, to be shot, and then was found alive. He encouraged the wild dance, that grew wilder and wilder under his inspiration. He demanded peace and submission, it is true, but he might as well ask the untamed lion not to roar, or the tigress robbed of her young not to spring

upon the robber, as to ask the wild Sioux to keep the peace when their old dances had roused all the fierceness of their unchanged hearts.

One distinguished personal witness, speaking of the Messiah craze, calls it "the delusion which has taken possession of the minds of the wilder portion among the Indians. The leaders in the movement have invigorated old heathen ideas with snatches of Christian truth, and have managed to excite an amount of enthusiasm which is amazing. They teach that the Son of God will presently appear as the avenger of the wild Indian. The earth will shiver; a great wave of new earth will overspread the present face of the world, and bury all the whites and all the Indians who imitate their ways, while the real Indians will find themselves on the surface of the new earth, basking in the light. The old ways will all be restored in primitive vigour and glory, and the buffalo, antelope, and deer will return."

Behold the dancing picture: a special garb; a calico shirt, short like the arm jacket—they call it the "mysterious shirt." The leaders preach; the people sing and cry out, "The buffalo are coming! the buffalo are coming!!" Now they seize each other's hands and go round and round in circles, half confused, wilder and wilder, till one after another the dancers fall unconscious. The medicine men call these *dead*, and declare that they are making a visit to the great spirit world, where they will meet the Son of God and all true friends who have gone before. Coming back to life they tell of their strange visions.

The good Bishop of Dakota remarks: "I look upon the movement as the efforts of heathenism grown desperate to recover its vigour and reinstate itself. Many of the missionaries have long expected such a struggle."

Once when the writer was in council with a body of wild Indians, who believed in Spiritism, who drummed continuously about every sick man, woman, or child, and who listened to the wizards amongst them, called medicine men, they questioned him as follows:—

"Will you give us schools and churches and farms and houses and implements for all kinds of work if we will do as you want?"

"Yes, the Government will do all that, and teach you to live as the white men do."

"Now, General Howard, we tell you that those are the very things we do not want. We want the earth to be as it is—nothing should break up the surface of the earth. We will not have schools, nor churches, nor farms, nor white men's houses, nor their ways of living. We will always be Indians."

This is still the spirit that actuates every wild Indian who has the fire of Indian manhood in his soul. As to secondary causes of Indian wars, some have already been hinted at.

I. Promises of money not speedily fulfilled. For years the Sioux have had several of these promises given by general officers, United States Commissioners, and Government agents. It takes a long, long time to get the necessary appropriation through both Houses of Congress. No officer or Commissioner can transfer his sympathy to our legislators. They, like all legislative bodies, have a way unto themselves. Years and years' pledges to sundry tribes, we own it with sorrow, have remained unfulfilled.

As to the Sioux, their consent to the great breach of their reservation was by no means unanimous. The dissenters quickly embrace a chance to revenge themselves. Minorities among white men often are dissatisfied and occasionally turbulent. The fervour of the Sioux minority exceeds that of white legislators.

When white men have claims against the Government they prosecute them with patience and wait sometimes for months and sometimes for years for the essential appropriations.

The reactionary Sioux cannot be made to understand the reasons for such long periods of waiting. They interpret them as resulting from forked tongues and bad hearts. For example: after the war of 1876, when certain Sioux Indians were disarmed and deprived of their ponies, all who were not engaged among the hostiles were promised payment for their inevitable losses. This payment has not yet been completed.

II. In some parts of our new States the land boom has ended badly, and white men are land-poor. They become panicky. They fear a drunken Indian at a brothel or saloon corner. They magnify the situation. Indians are near! Indians are insolent!

Indians are dancing! Indians are coming! They can wipe us out. Governors, Congressmen, and newspapers are besieged and urged to help. Troops, troops, more troops! they cry. The Governor sends Militia or Volunteers. The United States finally sends to the panicky place a few companies of regulars. Money comes and trade is quickened. Men who have nothing to lose and everything to gain by such rows, get congenial employment and the means often for a renewal of dissipated lives.

"But this does not make war!" Yes, it does. Poor ranchmen, far and near, get frightened at the rumours and rush with their families to the nearest settlement. The Indians get the rumours ten times exaggerated, and the wild become wilder, and women and children are often blinded by terror. Young, ambitious fellows among them catch a special inspiration, rush off, perhaps, in small parties, kill cattle, take horses, murder mining prospectors, and individual travellers. They then return with their booty and the scalps to be the lions of the tribe. Every peace council is now overborne, and war is upon us with all its supreme outrage and horror. So in all Indian wars, and so it has been in this.

Indian agents have a hard and trying position. They must be gigantic in ability and character to control at such times. We must not blame them too much. Some are not suited at all to such work. Some are not wise governors; but I have found among them very competent men. But no one man can quench the fire of a blazing house after it has passed the first stage of ignition.

A journal, speaking of this outbreak, well remarks that the Indian "tests practically the agent put in charge of him. If he finds him a man of good qualities, firm, true to his word, fearless, yet generous and kind, he makes of him a friend. . . . An agent who has established such relations with the Indians can exercise over them almost unlimited control. But an agent who has incurred suspicion or dislike may discharge his duties with fidelity and still be only a cause of constant irritation. . . . An agent whom he trusts can do more with the Indian in peace or war than an army with banners. It is by the influence of such men that treaties have been concluded when the whole power of the Government could not have secured the assent of a score of Indians. . . . It is by their

influence that conflict has been avoided in numberless cases. And this individual way of dealing with the Indians is the only way that has ever met with the slightest success."

Doubtless the agents at the five centres before-named in the great Sioux nation have done what they could, but under the excitement of the Messiah craze they would have been more than human to have maintained the peace without army help. Again, the army should not be blamed. In this, as in every Indian war, troops have been made a last resort. They go and labour at the engines to quench a great prairie fire, after it has been long ablaze. The killing of Sitting Bull and the attending combat, the rushing of the wild ones to the famous "bad lands," the calls from neighbouring villages and hamlets for arms and for soldiers, the killing here and there of individual white men, and then of one or two Indians; these stories came over the wires like successive waves from the ocean. But yet the troops had been quickly called, abundantly furnished, and promptly transported to different points around and upon the great reservation. They soon occupied the agencies. They were gradually drawing nearer to the hostile camps; the wise policy of segregating the friendly bands and individuals appeared to succeed. When the 7th Cavalry, attempting to disarm Big Foot's tribe near Wounded Knee, was suddenly—perhaps by the treachery of a single Indian, the hostility of some, and the fears of others—brought into a terrible conflict, twenty-five of our men were killed and thirty-eight wounded; some 150 Indians were slain, and many others wounded. Captain Wallace then fell in death, and several other officers received severe wounds. The worthy priest (Father Crafts), who hastened from New York to use his extensive influence with the Indians, in the hope of restoring peace, fell desperately wounded among the soldiers. Since then Lieutenant Casey, a most worthy and promising officer, who was with me a few years ago at the military academy as an instructor of cadets, and who distinguished himself in command of Indian scouts, bringing them to instruction and discipline, was shot and killed by a treacherous Brule Indian, while reconnoitring in front of the hostile camp.

The horrors of an Indian war are always terrible, often revolting. As this time the conflict has been an unusual one, has taken

place against the ordinary experience, and contrary to all predictions, and in view of the whole world, may we not hope that our people may be more than usually impressed by it, and that it will be the last? Surely, now, such large, strong, effective measures will be taken as will for ever prevent a repetition of these scenes.

OLIVER O. HOWARD,
Major-General U.S. Army.

CYCLING: PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE.

THE history of the cycle may be traced back for more than a hundred years; but it may be said that Gavin Dalzell, a cooper, of Lesmahagow, Lanarkshire, constructed and rode the first practical bicycle in 1836—that is, the first machine with two wheels arranged tandem fashion; in fact, the dandy-horse with cranks and pedals attached by levers to the rear wheel, driven forward by pressure on them, and managed as the cycle is to-day. The dandy-horse was similar in outline and construction to the present low or safety bicycle with two equal-sized wheels, but it was propelled by the rider partially sitting astride and partially running, pushing on the ground with his feet, by which means a certain amount of speed could be got up. Machines of this sort, it is well known, have existed for an indefinite period, as they may be found in multitudes of old prints and drawings.

In the book on *Cycling*, in the Badminton Series, it is stated in one place that about 1866 a Parisian firm, MM. Michaux et Cie., sent to England a perfected bicycle, and again, a little further on, that as far back as 1865 James Starley had made a velocipede with suspension wheels. These statements imply that the French machine had a large front wheel and a small back one, and that the other had two equal-sized wheels; but all this is very confusing. The developments which converted the bicycle into a practical vehicle were the introduction of the rubber tire in place of the iron or steel one, the suspension wheel, and, most important, the placing of the rider over his work and not behind it. The latter idea, to a certain extent, had been worked out by Dalzell and then dropped. Who is to be credited with these inventions—the real making of the cycle—is not positively known. But to James Starley

has been universally given in England credit for the invention of the ordinary or high bicycle of to-day, while Pierre Lallemant, in America, claims to have been the first to drive a wheel by a crank. Mr. Starley, who was a born inventor, was employed by the Coventry Machinists' Company, then manufacturing sewing machines, and from an order for bicycles, placed with this firm in those early days, resulted the vast industry which has transformed into flourishing cities some of the decayed towns of the Midlands, most notably Coventry.

The tall bicycle, with one large front and one very small hind wheel, seems, at a cursory glance, to have changed but little; but while the original form has been retained, improvements have been continually made and are really countless. Ball bearings have been fitted to all frictional parts, the management and steering of the machine have been improved, the weight has been reduced one-half, springs have been invented to deaden the vibration, and the machine has been made as a dwarf to secure safety from tumbles over the front. But this last problem, the most difficult of all, has been fairly well solved by keeping the very large front wheel, and simply increasing the size of the back wheel, when the bicycle is called a rational. In this form, though the mounting requires a certain amount of agility, though a spill is by no means an impossibility, and though very much luggage cannot be carried, it is probably the most perfect cycle extant. The man who knows how to ride it makes it a part of himself. On level ground he steers it automatically, with no more thought than if he were walking; he does not use his hands at all. As he goes down hill he puts his legs over the handles and as nearly experiences the sensation of flying as is possible. Up hill he fairly seems to lift himself and the machine. And then he meets a stick the size of a lead-pencil—and what a fall! The constant danger of headers, or croppers, and the vibration from the small back wheel are the sole but insurmountable drawbacks to this most graceful and delightful piece of mechanism. Some riders, as they grow older, feel that its delights are counterbalanced by the uncertainty as to whether they are to come home on the machine or in an ambulance. Nevertheless, the longest and most notorious cycling feats have been performed on the

ordinary bicycle. It was the first machine taken from John o' Groat's to Land's End, from New York to Chicago, and round the world. We say *taken*, because in these last two journeys it proved as much of a hindrance as a help. However, it possesses one good quality; it is the easiest machine to carry, to trundle, or to pack. A number of the most enthusiastic tourists still keep to the rational. The safety has been proved quite as fast, and, under certain conditions, faster than the ordinary. But the whole question of pace depends no longer mainly on the machine but on the rider.

The charge brought against cycling, that it was only adapted to young and athletic men, was soon removed by the introduction of three-wheeled machines. These, at first, were clumsy, cumbersome, dangerous, and hard to drive. But in the hands of inventors like Starley and Thomas Humber they quickly underwent several entire changes, while the latter finally, in the Cripper, with three nearly equal-sized wheels, the two rear ones being driven and the front steered by the bicycle handle, produced the type of tricycle which is now seen everywhere. It is almost as light as a safety bicycle, weighing from 35lb. to 45lb., and can be ridden by anyone. If ordinary care be taken, there is really very little danger in riding the tricycle, but, owing to its apparent safety, riders are apt to be careless, and consequently more fatal accidents have happened to tricyclists than to the riders of any other type of machine. The tricycle is now made so light and the wheels are so small that the vibration on rough roads is very seriously felt. The sociable, or machine for two, was also early developed, and occasionally two unfortunate cyclists, sitting side by side, apparently working against each other and really labouring much harder than they appear to be, may still be encountered. Then came the tandem, a single machine fitted with an extra seat and pedals. It was made in many forms, most of which were thoroughly bad until Mr. Humber turned out his as yet unapproached Humber tandem. This machine is, in every way, the most perfect of its kind, and has been universally copied. It is rather difficult to manage at first, and requires a careful steersman, but when mastered it is almost perfection. On it we have covered many of the best roads in Europe. To the single tricycle of the Cripper type, spoken of above, an extra

seat has also been added, and the machine made into a tandem. Those manufactured by Singer and the Surrey Machinists' Company are among the best. They are excellent luggage carriers, and less vibration is felt on them than on the Humber; but, owing to their usually great weight and great length, they are cumbersome and unwieldy. There are many other types, some with four wheels, and some built as sociables, but the Humber from the first took the lead and has maintained it ever since.

The designs and the styles became with every year more numerous and varied, but until about 1886 all seemed to have greater or less imperfections. In fact, excepting among enthusiasts, cycles had not come to stay. A young man took a header off his high machine and he rode no more; tricycles ran away from people and spilled them out and fell on them; tandems would break down; sociables were already obsolete. But about this time the present firm of J. K. Starley and Co. brought out a machine called the Rover. The same design had been introduced in the Bicyclette of Mr. H. J. Lawson, of Rudge and Co., which, however, had not been used to any extent. It is the perfecting of this which has given cycling its present importance. Mr. Lawson and the Starleys simply returned to Dalzell's velocipede—with two equal-sized wheels—and made it practical. They put the cranks and pedals between the two wheels and connected them with the axle of the rear wheel by means of a chain which was geared up to any required size; that is, a gear wheel may be placed on a machine having 30in. wheels which will enable one to apply the power of a 60in. wheel to propel it. This low machine, rightly called a safety, though more difficult to steer than a tall bicycle, can be quickly learned, because the nervous dread of falling is taken away. It is almost impossible to come over frontwards, and a side spill only means landing on one's feet. A woman can ride it quite as easily as a man, after learning to mount, which is slightly difficult, and almost any amount of luggage can be carried on it. It is also made in a tandem form, which has not yet become very popular in this country, though it is generally ridden in America. The latest improvement is that of driving the front wheel, which is geared up by an arrangement somewhat like the "sun and planet" gearing,

fitted to it. In appearance and action it is exactly like a boneshaker of twenty years ago. Indeed, the whole tendency of cycling is to return to early types, the ideas of the first inventors seeming after all to be the best; modern men have added only strength and lightness. The greatest advantage of the low bicycle, besides safety, is, as in the case of the tall bicycle, its one track. All who have ridden tricycles know what trouble is sometimes occasioned by the three tracks. For anyone of any age or sex who wishes to go in for cycling, the safety is undoubtedly the machine.

A ride of a few miles every few days, gradually increasing the distance, will soon make one at home on a wheel. With the development of a new set of muscles, a new pleasure is opened to you. The lanes of England and the high roads of France, Germany, and Italy may be explored. We are often asked how we find our way from Paris to Lyons, or from Florence to Rome. On these trips we are discoverers and navigators. But road maps abound, and a *Continental Road Book*—a cycling Paterson—has been published by the Cyclists' Touring Club, an international organisation devoted to the interests of cycling tourists, which is not only the largest athletic association in the world, but theoretically the finest. It has representatives in every large city in the world, and in Great Britain in every small town as well—men who, for love of the sport, give up much of their time in the summer to helping their fellow tourists. The club numbers 20,000 members, and should number 200,000 if, as we hear, there are at the present time 500,000 cyclists in Great Britain. It furnishes information as to the roads free, if this has not been published in book form, and, from its very size, is able to demand protection for its members and to place them on an equality with the users of other vehicles. It has already done much for cycling, and, it is hoped, will be able to accomplish a great deal more. Unlike similar associations in France, Germany, Italy, and America, it takes no part in racing, believing that racing-men and racing affairs interest but a very small section of the cycling public. The League of American Wheelmen, although some two or three thousands less in number, is conducted on broader principles. It is taking up the vital question in America of the making of roads, it has allied itself with the users of other vehicles and with farmers, and within the

last year has been instrumental, not as a cycling body, but as a body of taxpayers, in rousing the American public to a consciousness of the necessity of having good roads, and in introducing Bills into many of the State Legislatures. Any amateur, lady or gentleman, can easily become a member of the C.T.C., which deserves the support of all cyclists.

The National Cyclists' Union, which has not, unfortunately, the membership it should have, professes to look after the legal rights of cyclists, and has gained certain concessions for them in the past, while it is not so very long since it fought, together with almost all users of railways, against too heavy railway rates. The action of the railway companies of Great Britain in this matter may be characterised as nothing less than pigheaded. Thousands of cyclists, who live in or near large towns, would every week take a train, for from five to twenty miles, for the pleasure of getting on good roads, if it were not that for short distances they are almost universally charged as much—if not more—for the carriage of their machines as they are for themselves. It may be news to the railway authorities of Great Britain to know that one may take one's cycle from one end of France to the other for a penny, and over a great part of America for nothing. It may be thought that Frenchmen and Americans, having the chance of using trains so cheaply, are not good riders. On the contrary, the average Frenchman is a much better rider than the average Englishman, and knows much more about his machine; while the average American is the greatest cycle tourist in the world. For the last two summers a party of thirty have been doing Europe awheel. But the ride of a party of this size is necessarily more like a Cook's tour, and is wanting in all the pleasures of one taken by two or three in company.

The National Cyclists' Union, as well as the Road Records Association, also manages racing. At one time cycle racing was a sport; now, as a rule, it has been made a business. The National Cyclists' Union promotes championships, which of late years have not been conspicuous successes from the spectators', and therefore the gate-money, point of view, for the simple reason that it is very generally known that most racing men, though they ride to win,

are either makers, in the employ of makers, or riding advertisements for them. In America, there is scarcely a single racing amateur of any standing, the League of American Wheelmen having just suspended almost every well-known rider. In France there has been until lately no amateur law, and owing to this fact there is a much more honest state of affairs. The few amateurs who do exist here have made cycle racing utterly uninteresting by their tactics of loafing and waiting, riding a five miles race in the last lap. But the worst evil which has sprung up in connection with cycle racing is what is known as the formation of road rides. Certain clubs have been started (if not backed by makers, at all events encouraged by them) for the purpose of furiously riding on the highways, and also of gaining a cheap sort of notoriety and advertisement for absolutely thoughtless manufacturers. It is true that marvellous times have been made by these men—or mainly boys—who have driven their machines at the rate of one mile in 2m. and 18s., and 336½ miles in twenty-four hours. Fancy a carriage being driven along the public highway at this rate! And it is not merely one poor wretch, almost dead, tearing along at such speed on his machine; he is hounded on by a lot of pacemakers clearing the road for him. The whole subject is too disagreeable to go into; the National Cyclists' Union winks at it, afraid to stop it, and there is even another association formed solely to check the records so made. The vast mass of cyclists would be grateful if the authorities would step in and suppress the whole business.

The makers allege that by building machines to stand such furious riding they have improved and will improve the construction of cycles. It is well known, however, that many of the machines are built only for, and sometimes will not outlast, the one ride, and that makers would not think of selling copies of them to an ordinary purchaser. Racing men have made many improvements in cycles, but a great many more are due to scientists and practical tourists. Lightness has been obtained, but comfort has been sacrificed. The racing cyclist, and even all other riders, until within the last year or so, have been riding machines about as comfortable as a waggon with no springs. Dr. Richardson has pointed out that many of the evil effects of cycling come, not from the exercise, which is ex-

tremely beneficial to the average man or woman, but from the vibration; and though lightness, rigidity, and strength have been long since gained, no real attention has been paid to comfort until within the last year.

However, there is not much doubt that this danger will be removed in the near future, for all the makers are now striving to annihilate vibration, either by means of a spring frame, as in the most successful, the Whippet, or by means of very elastic tires, or, best of all, by a combination of the two. The new tires are of two sorts; the object of both, however, is to kill vibration at the point of contact—that is, the point at which it starts. The first and theoretically the most perfect is the Pneumatic, which consists of a hollow canvas tube about the size of a garden hose, having a rubber tube inside, and inflated in the same way as a football. Its special merit is the elasticity which extends entirely round the tire. The Pneumatic has become very popular with racing men, as, owing to this elasticity, greatly increased speed has been obtained on it. But on a road machine it is less satisfactory, both because it is liable to burst and because of the difficulty of repairing it. The Cushion is simply a large rubber tire with a hollow core. Although it deadens vibration almost completely, there is no real elasticity about it, and the rougher usage it is put to, the more the vibration increases. Already several new varieties and modifications of these tires have been introduced.

Cycling, like everything else nowadays, must be practical, and this practical spirit has worked itself out in carrier tricycles, which have been taken up to a large extent by tradesmen, not for their saving of time, but because a machine, costing nothing to keep, worked by one boy, is infinitely cheaper than a man, boy, horse, and cart. The carrier has also been adopted very satisfactorily by the Post Office in the country and some parts of London, while bicycles are used almost all over the world for the delivery of telegrams. Water cycles have also been constructed, but have not proved conspicuous successes. For years cyclists have served as couriers and message carriers in the Continental armies, while in England, mainly through the unceasing advocacy of their advantages by Colonel A. R. Savile, cycling sections have been formed

in many volunteer regiments, a Volunteer Cyclists' Corps has been organised, an appropriation has lately been granted by the Government for the purchase of machines and their introduction into the regular army, and volunteer sections have been formed among the regulars at Walmer and other points. There is plenty of enthusiasm on the subject in the army—in fact, far more than among cyclists themselves. There is no doubt cycles would be very useful in case of war, to transport bodies of infantry so mounted from one point to another, provided the roads were rideable. But the prevalent idea that cyclists would form independent battalions, able to traverse deserts at lightning speed, ford rivers, charge cavalry, or even defend themselves against it, or descend on the foe like the fiery Hun, has not yet been, and probably never will be, realised.

Cycling has also produced a literature of its own, its more important papers being the *Cyclist* and *Wheeling*, and in America the *Bulletin of the League of American Wheelmen*. A large number of books have been already written on the sport. There is but space to mention some of the more notable. One of the first serious efforts was Mr. Charles E. Pratt's *American Bicycler*, brought out about 1879. Among what might be called the standard works of reference are Dr. B. W. Richardson's *Tricycle in Relation to Health and Recreation*, Dr. Oscar Jenning's *La Santé par le Tricycle; Cycling*, by Lord Bury and George Lacy Hillier in the Badminton Series, *Ten Thousand Miles on a Bicycle*, by Karl Kron, and *Around the World on a Bicycle*, by Thomas Stevens. It cannot, however, be said, interesting as is the subject of touring, that it has been treated in a remarkably successful manner from a purely literary point of view. Books, for example, like *In the Cevennes with a Donkey*, *Scrambles among the Alps*, *An Autumn Holiday on French Rivers*, *An Unknown River*, *The Adventures of a Phaeton*, have yet to be produced by cyclists. That there are even greater possibilities in cycling than in walking, climbing, boating, and driving, we have endeavoured to show. Pictures of cycling subjects have also been made, and at least two illustrated cycling papers are published: *Radfahr Humor* in Germany, and *Bicycling News* in England. Science and archæology have been enlisted in the service of cycling by the formation of the Society of Cyclists, which considers these

subjects in their relation to the wheel. And road-making has been looked after by the Roads Improvement Association, which shows its scope by its name. It is a very worthy but, most unfortunately, a not at all prosperous body.

As to cycling clubs, whenever two or three cyclists are gathered together a club is at once started. In this country, with the exception of those at the Universities, which are not in a very flourishing condition at present, the London, the largest, the Pickwick, the oldest in the world, and the Stanley, which gives the annual show of machines, though numbered by thousands they are of very small importance. A general cycling club-house has recently been opened at 8, Queen Anne's Gate. In America cycling clubs have the same standing and importance as any others, and among them are many wealthy and influential organisations. Even now cycling has probably a greater number of practising votaries than any other sport. Certainly it is far more widely spread over the world. Racing, the decay of which is only temporary, will in the future be again revived either under proper management, or as a successful speculation like horse-racing, or, let us rather hope, it will hold a position equal to that of cricket. The next generation, thanks to the wheel, will know the roads of Europe much more thoroughly than that which is passing away and lamenting the loss of stage coaches. There is no doubt that cycling will become more and more closely associated with the practical business of life. It may play its part in warfare and strife. In literature and in art it will be properly represented. And yet there is no reason to forget that it is with us to-day, and that we may add a new pleasure and a new zest to our lives by taking it up at once.

J. AND E. R. PENNELL.

CONTINENTAL COMMENTS

Paris.

THE French public, it must be admitted with regret, does not take much interest in the domestic affairs of its neighbours. From time to time, however, it becomes excited about some event or other. Such has been the case with regard to Mr. Parnell. There is not a single French paper which has not commented upon the subject more than once. Thanks to Mrs. O'Shea, Mr. Parnell is better known at the present moment on this side of the Channel than his illustrious and energetic predecessor O'Connell ever was.

I know that most of the English papers have been much scandalised by the articles which we have published upon this subject, and that I myself have been severely censured. Writing upon the same subject in an English Review, I do not hesitate, however, to repeat in general terms that French opinion is right, and that all over the Continent a similar opinion has been held. Not that the French people are more immoral than other nations. I have travelled a good deal, and think I am an impartial critic. My deliberate conviction is that of all the great cities of Europe Paris has the least vice, and the least debauchery. But we have one fault. We brag about our vices and like to pass ourselves off in our conversation and our books as the most corrupt of men. True, we have one virtue, though it is only negative: we are not hypocrites. Here you have, then, in a word, the profound difference which separates French opinion from English opinion upon certain subjects. Our code, like yours, condemns adultery; it is even more severe. Society in France, as in England, highly esteems private virtue; public rewards are even accorded to it by the Academies, and at the municipal *fêtes*. But we do not think that

a statesman who has broken the Seventh Commandment is therefore for ever dishonoured, and incapable of directing public affairs. Moreover, Freethinkers as we may be, we recollect the words of the Bible respecting the woman taken in adultery: "He that is without sin among you let him first cast a stone at her."

The divorce case certainly did not appear to us to reflect much credit upon Mr. Parnell, and we consider that the Irish leader came out of it shorn of some of his glory. But when, immediately after the verdict, the Nonconformist and other papers covered their faces and uttered their loud cries of indignation a reaction at once set in, and, without absolving Mr. Parnell, people turned against the Puritans who had said nothing before the trial, though the facts were public, and who were simply scandalised at the scandal. Hypocrisy, it has been said, is homage rendered to virtue. We also render homage to virtue as often as possible, but it is by more direct means.

Now comes Mr. Gladstone. If ever an English statesman has been popular in France it is the "Grand Old Man." Our fathers cordially detested Palmerston, who returned the compliment with interest, and Lord Beaconsfield was always an enigma to us. But Gladstone, the defender of the oppressed, the indefatigable champion of progress, has admirers almost everywhere in France, and often enthusiastic admirers. In the present case, however, his warmest friends have been, with few exceptions, the first to criticise him. What should Mr. Gladstone have done in this matter? He should have played the part of the diplomatist. Instead of issuing his edict of excommunication in the letter to Mr. Morley, he should have asked some intimate and clever friend—Lord Rosebery, who knows something of negotiations, or Philip Stanhope, who can say the right word in the right manner—to go and have lunch with Mr. Parnell. Over a cigar, the ambassador could have said: "You have just been re-elected leader of the Irish party. It is a splendid proof of confidence, but the fools and hypocrites have to be reckoned with. Why should you be worried by them? Go away on some pretext or other and pass the winter at Nice or Cannes When you come back in the spring everything will have blown over." Had the matter been put in this way it is ten to one that

Mr. Parnell would have understood what was meant, and have acted upon the hint.

But instead of negotiating, excommunication was resorted to, and then Mr. Parnell certainly entered upon a course which the whole of the English Press could not but condemn, and which greatly astonished his friends here. But, after all, human nature must be taken into account. Here is a man who for years had devoted all his efforts to the noblest of causes; who had created a political party out of the most undisciplined of members; who had suffered imprisonment and endured the calumnies of the Pigottists for the cause; when, lo, all at once, because he has been weak enough to fall in love with another man's wife, he is crushed, denounced, hunted down, spurned like a pariah. He stood at bay. Who would not have done so? He employed against his former friends the most formidable arms. How had he been treated? We have a proverb which says, "That is a very vicious animal; when attacked it defends itself." Mr. Parnell defended himself.

He, moreover, defended himself with marvellous ability, notwithstanding his defeat at a bye-election. For what was the object he had in view? The thing was to show as clear as daylight that the rupture between the Liberals, the Radicals, and the Dissentient Liberals on the one hand, and himself on the other, meant civil war in Ireland; the indefinite postponement of Home Rule; almost certain victory for the Conservatives at the next elections. And he showed this; proved it; demonstrated it. His fiercest enemies can no longer disguise this fact. If in one way or another peace cannot be re-established among the Home Rule members—and peace can only be re-established by an agreement with Mr. Parnell—farewell to all hope, farewell to all chance of a final victory for Mr. Gladstone. The "Grand Old Man" will not see the Promised Land before dying.

A reconciliation is, therefore, what all must hope for, and we who sympathise deeply with the Liberals and the Radicals, we who after no little hesitation have at last taken up ardently the cause of unhappy Ireland, have no more earnest desire. Before all things, save the Irish cause. On both sides, on Mr. Gladstone's as well as Mr. Parnell's, sacrifices must be made. But what kind

of sacrifices? Merely sacrifices of *amour-propre*. Any hesitation, either from obstinacy or foolish pride, and the victory will be imperilled which is certain if union be restored, a victory which will be of the most glorious character, for it will mean the emancipation of a noble nation.

In my opinion Mr. O'Brien has taken a correct view of the situation. Mr. Parnell's feelings must be considered; but afterwards the Irish party must have an acknowledged leader. Can Mr. Parnell be that leader at the present moment? No; he must give up all idea of it for some time. Can Mr. Justin M'Carthy be that leader? No; Mr. Parnell's friends will never accept him. A third choice must, therefore, be made, and Mr. Dillon would be the man. I said to my friend Mr. O'Brien, on his return from America, "You are an apostle; do not try to be a saint." I think he understood what I meant. The O'Shea case must be forgotten on both sides. The quarrels, the unjust attacks, nay, even the terrible epithet, "gutter sparrows," which Mr. Parnell flung at his adversaries, all must be forgotten. And, with a new Irish leader, union must be re-established, for union means victory, and discord means defeat.

Do you wish to carry the elections? Do you wish to save Ireland? If so, there is no time to lose, and peace must be at once restored.

JOSEPH REINACH.
Member of the French Chamber.

Berlin.

WHEN the Emperor William started last summer on a second visit to the Czar, in whose capital he had already been, on first ascending the throne, people tried in vain to divine his motive for thus pressing friendship upon an apparently unwilling neighbour. The riddle is not solved yet. Some people, to be sure, persist in declaring that the most unlikely explanation must for that very reason be the correct one, viz., a determination on the part of the young monarch to press upon the Russian ruler the wisdom of a European Disarmament. I mention this surmise simply because it has found acceptance in many influential quarters. Has it been remembered that control is as impossible between Powers which have agreed to disarm as it is indispensable? This proposition once admitted, another will scarcely be gainsaid: that a proposal of disarmament made to the Russian Emperor can, under no circumstances, be altogether free from a sinister suggestion of something like a threat of war.

No sort of mystery would seem to hover over William II.'s visit to Windsor Castle, now to all appearance fixed for July 27th. He is urged by the most obvious desire to give public expression to those friendly sentiments between the two countries which for many years had remained in abeyance. To us he appears to have chosen his time well. So much eagerness evidently prevails in England to revive the old ties and strengthen the new ones, and such deep interest is exhibited in the development of the Emperor's character, that he will be received, we imagine, with true British cordiality. London will, of course, be visited. And there, within the City precincts, the youthful sovereign will be able to convince himself of the truth of one of his latest utterances, which electrified the best part of this nation and raised strong hopes of economic reforms. A short time ago he sent his photograph to our Post-master-General, Herr von Stephan, an able administrator, who was celebrating his jubilee, and under it were the following words:

"Intercommunication (*Verkehr*) is the sign under which the world stands at the close of the present century. The barriers which separate nations are thereby overthrown, and new relations opened up between them." This sentiment, however agreeable to Free Traders in this country, has a distinct battle-sound in the ears of the *Junker* class. No observer of what is passing can help perceiving that discontent is rife among them. Lower duties on the importation of cereals and of timber, the abolition of certain class exemptions in rural districts, and a stricter assessment of the Income-tax, are reforms which people are looking forward to. It is an awkward fact, too, that Herr Miquèl at the Treasury, the Home Secretary, the Chancellor, and the Emperor are fully resolved to carry out these measures of public utility without fear and without favour. The storm-signals are not yet hoisted. When they are, the cry of the vested interests will grow louder and louder. Our aristocracy are the most feudal and the most exacting in Europe. They have been pampered by what a Parliamentary speaker the other day called Bismarck's aristocratic socialist policy. What with bounties on beetroot sugar, bounties on spirits, duties on corn and timber—out of the taxpayers' pocket, all of them—the cup seems full to overflowing. Let me mention here a few facts in connection with this subject. The total loss to the Exchequer, together with the loss suffered directly by the consumers through these bounties, has been officially stated at about eighteen millions sterling in thirteen years. The yearly bonus to great distilleries, all of them owned by the great lords of the potato-fields, amounts to rather more, viz., two millions sterling on the strength of one of Bismarck's closing legislative acts. The duty on rye, imposed in 1879, of sixpence per cwt., has been quintupled since 1886. Taking the whole indirect taxation together, it has increased within ten years from 5s. to 13s. per head of the population.

It is impossible to attach too much importance, in the interest of the world's trade, to the negotiations now being carried on at Vienna between the delegates of Germany, Austria, and Hungary, which are big with promise of a Treaty of Commerce between the

two neighbouring Empires. Caprivi has in a very pointed manner expressed his conviction that they will be carried to a successful issue, which means that, to satisfy the Austrian demands, some at least of our duties on manufactured goods will be lowered, and the duties on cereals also, to please the Hungarians. However faint-hearted and halting our corn law reformers may appear, high praise is due to them for initiating a policy which cannot possibly end where it begins, with lowering, as we shall probably do, our duty on the chief cereal of this country in the proportion of five to three. The total abolition of the duty cannot fail to ensue in time. Meanwhile, we must congratulate ourselves on a return to the beneficent economic policy inaugurated by Napoleon III. in 1850, and abandoned by Bismarck in 1879.

It is worth pointing out that the State is rich here out of all proportion with the people's aggregate prosperity. At this moment it may probably be asserted without any exaggeration that Prussia is proportionally wealthier than any other country in the civilised world. What would the readers of the NEW REVIEW think of England if her real estate was found to be more than equal in market value to the sum total of her National Debt? Would they have dreamt of transforming into Government property, to be administered solely by the Government, all the country's railways? And if her Chancellor of the Exchequer was to announce in years of average commercial prosperity that the railways under his administration had not merely paid interest on the purchase-money but produced a surplus as well which would suffice to pay the interest on all the rest of the National Debt—would his words be greeted with applause or with cries of "Reduce the taxes"? And yet, such exactly is the case with Prussia. Her "Woods and Forests" (including the State Railways) are so valuable that, strictly speaking, no such thing exists as a National Debt in the country. And again, the State Railways (in consequence, let it be remembered, of a scrupulous and honest administration) pay so well when the traffic is good that the interest due on the outlay, £291,739,130, becomes a mere fleabite. If,

nevertheless, the public are not so eager as in other countries to accept a small but secure return for capital, I fancy the cause is that they are less accustomed to economic conditions which are as clear as daylight in the eyes of Englishmen and Frenchmen. To the latter, 3 per cent., or a trifle above 3 per cent., appears quite a satisfactory reward for thrift. Not so in this country. Habit will gradually, no doubt, make people see things in the same light. As yet, however, among a nation slowly but surely rising into prosperity, a lingering preference prevails for a somewhat greater return.

As I am talking of social and economic questions, let me mention a startling fact, not of recent origin but, nevertheless, occupying the attention of earnest observers more and more as these questions are becoming more prominent. I mean the increasing migration of country people into our towns. Roughly speaking, it may be asserted that all the villages and townships with less than four thousand inhabitants, throughout Germany, are either stationary or losing ground, whilst the population in the larger places increases by leaps and bounds. Statisticians predict, and economists of Herr Brœmel's cautious temperament, proclaim it in the Reichstag, that about the close of this century there will be more Germans living in towns than in the country districts. None but the most sanguine optimists would consider this as an unmixed good. But, on the principle of understanding rather than bewailing what happens under our eyes, readers may deem it worth their while to ponder a few moments over the possible causes of this peculiar movement. Let me name a few without discussing them. The first place is due to the better chances of material prosperity. Educational advantages and, generally, the opportunities offered for a higher culture, come next. Add to these the attraction of amusements, not necessarily of a gross kind, which abound in German cities. Yet in a country which is still chiefly agricultural the phenomenon remains a strange one.

GEORGE VON BUNSEN.

Rome.

ROME is the mirror of Italy. The Municipality has been for many years deeply in debt. Matters at length have come to a crisis. Signor Crispi reluctantly, and at the last moment, introduced a Bill, by which the Government took upon itself some of the outlay for public works which it had imposed on the Municipality, and granted a sum of money in order to enable it to meet the necessary expenditure for others. In a word, the State became responsible for about 200,000,000 lire (£8,000,000). But the Bill conferred on the Government some extraordinary powers of supervision over the Municipal administration, which appeared very objectionable to the Syndic and the Council. There was a general collapse. The Municipal Councillors, one and all, resigned. Signor Crispi was obliged to name a Royal Commissioner to administer the affairs of the Municipality. The longest period during which such an official can remain in office is six months. Signor Aprile, a clever member of the House, and a Sicilian, was appointed. His term recently expired. Fresh elections took place on December 23rd. Not half the electors voted. In these contests we have to reckon with the clerical party. The people who follow the lead of the Pope do not go to the poll when a member of the House is to be returned, but they vote at the Municipal elections, and they act under the control of an association which is called the Unione Romana. This association brought forward only twenty-five candidates, the number of members forming the Council being eighty. They all succeeded. If the Unione Romana had ventured to propose eighty candidates, forty-one of them would perhaps have been returned. The rest of the new members are Liberals of various shades, most of whom had been proposed by the newspapers. A recent law gives to the Municipal Councils of the larger towns the right to choose their own Syndic. Here they have chosen the Duke of Sermoneta, who is married to a cultivated English lady. He is one of the most learned men in Rome. He is, moreover, a thoroughly practical man, who has

managed his large private fortune in the best manner, and it is, therefore, hoped that he will show equal ability in managing the affairs of the Municipality. But he has a hard task before him. It is agreed on all sides that fresh taxes must be imposed. What are they to be? That is the difficulty. The ratepayers maintain that no fresh taxes can be borne. Probably the best course would be to curtail expenses radically, and stop the operation of the scheme for rebuilding Rome, but to that the vanity of all, and the interests of many, to say nothing of the engagements already entered into, form a strong obstacle.

A country vexed with domestic troubles cannot be much alive to foreign questions, even if interested in them. There is, for instance, the Anglo-Italian frontier question in Africa. You know that the negotiations were broken off owing to the dispute about Kassala. The Italian Government wished to have that Soudan town, but to this the British Government was opposed. It has been repeatedly affirmed that the negotiations have been reopened, but I am not sure that the statement is correct. What I am sure of is that the country cares nothing about Kassala, and very little about Africa itself, which cost Italy last year 26,000,000 lire, or more than a million sterling.

To say the truth, more interest has been felt in the Irish question than in Africa, though the interest has certainly not been absorbing. Another time I will explain more fully what Italian views are on this subject, about which Count Cavour wrote so many years ago. Now I will only say that Mr. Parnell's course appears very strange to us in this country. Italian views about the divorce proceedings differ from English views. That will readily be understood. Upon the conduct of Mr. Parnell since those proceedings there are not two opinions here. The unscrupulous means by which he seeks to maintain his political position meet with general condemnation.

Signor Crispi has obtained from the country, as you know, a very large majority, and the Radicals, who thought and hoped that the

dissatisfaction of the people generally would give them a great victory, have been routed. I don't say that they have actually lost in numbers. Perhaps there are five or six more than in the former House, but a party which begins the battle in such high spirits loses all its vigour if it does not gain the victory. And it is to be noted that the Radicals (who are mostly Republicans) were damaged, above all, by what they believed would have aided them: some French demonstrations of friendship towards them, some signs of the satisfaction which France would have felt had they won the day. This was a very bad manœuvre on both sides. The French very naturally wish that Italy would give up the Triple Alliance; but they are wrong in thinking that the Radicals could induce her to adopt this course. The Triple Alliance, right or wrong, is, for the moment, in high favour. The Radicals cannot upset it. They are themselves more likely to be upset in the attempt. There is in the Italian mind such a jealous spirit against France that every movement of that country intended to influence our national affairs is sure to have quite the opposite effect of that intended.

You will allow me, I hope, to conclude this letter with some not very recent news. On the last anniversary of the entrance of the Italian troops into Rome, Signor Carducci, the greatest of our living poets—or, perhaps, to speak more correctly, our only great living poet—wrote some stirring verses on Piedmont, the province to which Italy mainly owes its independence and freedom. There are many striking passages in the ode. In one, the writer speaks of Charles Albert as an "Italian Hamlet." Signor Carducci is not the first to use this expression. I think Mazzini also used it, and truly there was some resemblance between the great creation of Shakespeare and the monarch who but a few years since sat on a throne. There was something dreamy in both. Now Signor Carducci, who was formerly a fierce Republican, but who is so no longer, sent this ode to the nephew of Charles Albert, our King Humbert. His Majesty in return wrote a letter to the poet of a very flattering character. He had read the ode, he said, and had been much moved by the homage rendered to Piedmont and to his mag-